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British Oil on Stormy Waters

Another crisis in European affairs appears to have been passed in safety—though no one knows how long the process can be continued. Britain has thrown a mantle of hypocrisy over the Mediterranean situation so deep that the cries of muffled truth barely come through. She has accepted, and persuaded France to accept, the Alice-in-Wonderland theory that Italy ought to take a full part in the hunt for those pirate submarines which the whole world knows belong to Mussolini and do his bidding. In spite of the open charges made by Premier Negrin at the League of Nations against both Germany and Italy, the farce goes on. England, true to the tradition of her diplomacy, plays one side against the other. Indeed, she still tries to destroy the Rome-Berlin axis, though when her rearmament is finally completed, the story may be different. Meanwhile, despite ever more violent earthquake shocks, the structure of peace still holds. The sea lanes are freer than they have been for months, and the cause of Loyalist Spain is correspondingly aided thereby.

On the Chinese Front

United States Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson abandoned the Embassy at Nanking on September 20 and took refuge aboard the gunboat "Luzon" on the Yangtze River in order to avoid the Japanese bombardment of Nanking, which was reported as extremely heavy. For the time being, however, the representatives of all the other foreign governments with embassies or legations at Nanking decided against evacuation. The Chinese government, in a semi-official statement, condemned the action of the United States and praised the attitude of the British and French, in particular, who have told Japan that she will be held responsible by them for the lives and property of their nationals. Around Shanghai, where the battle has been raging for six weeks, the Japanese advance has been slow, despite the ferocity of their attack. Their greatest advance of seven miles averaged only a little more than a mile a week. In the North, however, in the Shansi Province, the Japanese have progressed about 200 miles westward from Peiping in the course of ten weeks. Should their westward march continue at the same rate, the Japanese will soon reach the borders of the adjoining Shensi Province, under Chinese Communist control. The Communists recently came to terms with the Central Government and it is expected that their efforts against the Japanese (who have announced their intention of destroying communistic influence in China) will constitute a crucial phase of the war.

Halfway with Neutrality

President Roosevelt has drawn forth bitter Chinese protests by his order restricting the shipment to the Far East of arms, ammunition and implements of warfare. The Chinese, however, either misunderstand the character of the President's order, or pretend for political reasons to do so. The restriction applies only to shipments in vessels owned by the United States government. These goods can still be transported in privately owned American vessels or in those of foreign registry. Our own complaint of the President's order is the reverse of the Chinese: that it does not go far

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enough. If it is unwise to use government-owned vessels in this traffic, it is just as unwise to use private American ships. The operation in China is now a full-sized war, covering a vast area and employing hundreds of thousands of troops. It meets the meaning of the Neutrality Act far more accurately than does the combination of civil and international conflict in Spain. With all its faults, application of that Act is greatly preferable to our present situation. —Assuming, that is, that preservation of peace means more to us than the attempt, probably futile, to protect a few hundred million dollars' worth of investments in the Orient.

The President Goes to the West

Although President Roosevelt has explained that his trip to the West is to see members of his family, and to visit some of the great hydro-electric projects, it is easy to surmise that he has another and a more important mission. He recently suffered the most serious defeat of his whole presidential career, in regard to the Supreme Court reorganization plan. He has been told by his enemies, and even by some of his friends, that the country has now turned against his leadership. Naturally, he wishes to do two things: to find out whether this statement is true, and to give an account of his stewardship in the series of addresses he is to make. Mr. Roosevelt is a skilled politician; he knows by now, or ought to, that cheering crowds mean very little one way or the other; crowds will gather for any great public figure, out of curiosity, and then cheer from politeness. Nevertheless it is true that Mr. Roosevelt can learn a good deal from the local personages along his route, if he cares to, and he can, and doubtless will, make an effective defense of the policies of the Second New Deal. We wish, however, that he had postponed the visit at least a few weeks. Much that is urgent remains to be done in regard to the Far Eastern war that requires the Chief Executive's presence in Washington, if we are to minimize the danger of being drawn in.

Tammany Takes It On the Nose

New York City's primaries indicate the almost certain reëlection of Mayor LaGuardia and—unless the striped cat has indeed nine lives—the end of Tammany Hall's century-long domination of metropolitan politics. Tammany's classic and fundamental boast always has been its ability to "get out the vote." In the election that saw Tammany's Senator Copeland swept to defeat in both the Democratic and Republican primaries, more than two-thirds of all registered Democratic voters stayed away from the polls, refusing to vote at all. Even more bitter to Tammany was the fact that almost one-tenth of those Democrats who did vote wrote in the name of Mayor LaGuardia as their choice. The victory of Justice Jeremiah Mahoney in winning the regular Democratic nomination constitutes not only a blow to conservatives and anti-New Dealers but also indicates that control of the regular Democratic organization seems inevitably to be shifting from the borough of Manhattan—which means Tammany—to the outlying boroughs, which now are dominated by New York's Secretary of State Edward J. Flynn in alliance with Postmaster General Farley. Meanwhile, surveys indicate that Mayor LaGuardia, with the regular Republican and American Labor Party nominations and the enthusiastic backing of all citizens interested in good and progressive government, probably will be reëlected by something like a three-to-one majority.

The Legion Comes to Town

New York, to its own mild surprise, has found itself this week playing host to 500,000 members of the American Legion, their wives, sweethearts and children. It takes a crowd of that size to make a dent in the Big City. Just to make sure that they would be noticed, the Legionnaires smashed windows, obstructed traffic, refused to let passengers enter or leave street-cars, destroyed hotel furniture and, in general, lived up to their reputation as a pack of wild and woolly hell-raisers. Some of them did, that is: the majority, as you might expect, were mild and meek Americans whose feet hurt and whose wives bullied them, even as you and I. Those we looked at (and because we couldn't help it, we looked at a great many) seemed slightly above the social level of automobile mechanics and slightly below that of small businessmen; few looked as though they had ever read a book or ever would. It is, however, grossly unfair to judge by appearances; we know some literary critics who look like truck drivers. The Legionnaires who can afford a trip to New York probably constitute the top tenth of the order. We are confirmed in our previous impression, that not all members of the Legion, by any means, go in for vigilantism or are committed to an ultra-reactionary philosophy. They look to us like bewildered, uncertain people, the victims of whatever propaganda happens to be most vociferous, just as capable of being turned into good citizens as disciples of Tom Girdler.

Farewell to the Chain Gang

News that the state of Georgia is setting out to abolish chain gangs is all the more welcome because years of long and odious association have made the words "Georgia" and "chain gang" almost synonymous. If this prime example of a state wherein caged and shackled convicts are exploited by back-county politicians and suffer the brutalities of sub-human guards can show the will and the courage to reform, then other states may follow suit. Georgia's Governor E. D. Rivers summoned a conference of county prison wardens to discuss the numerous recent escapes from chain gangs. Their suggestion was not more humanity but more brutality—the official revival of the whipping post as punishment. When this suggestion of the lash was passed on to

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the Georgia public, the protests were so widespread and spontaneous that the suggestion was not only dropped but the Governor rode a wave of aroused public opinion right on to an announcement of reform of the entire penal system. The announced plan is based on abolition of chain gangs, use of the huge new model prison constructed with PWA funds as a receiving station and the establishment of honor farms for prisoners with good records.

Mr. Kirkley Resigns

A salute is hereby registered to Don J. Kirkley for his courage and honesty in resigning from the Citizens' National Committee of which he had been one of the organizers. The committee is an outgrowth of the vigilante group formed in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, under a special "Right to Work" slogan, a group whose activities we described in an editorial in our issue of August 4. Kirkley, owner and publisher of The National Farm News, Washington, D. C., has written a public letter of resignation that lists six main points as his reasons for resigning:

> 1. Every indication points toward a narrow political partisanship instead of the original non-partisan basis. . . .
>
> 2. The committee appears to have become a "Red-baiting" agency. While I am opposed to communism, "Red-baiting" is not the American way to meet it.
>
> 3. The committee has failed to declare that it is not fascist or vigilante, and by its silence, countenances the declaration that it is.
>
> 4. The committee does not seem to give any indication of earnest desire to be of help to the worker in reaching a sane and fair solution of his troubles in the current era of industrial strife.
>
> 5. The committee, instead of conservative liberalism, seems to be reactionary and thus not in keeping with the general ideas of the majority of our principles.
>
> 6. No constructive program has been put forward to accomplish the objectives of the committee in correcting the conditions about which it complains.

The New Commonwealth

The reorganization of Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, will bring it into more direct and realistic relationship with the region that it primarily serves. Henceforth Commonwealth will concern itself with the problem of organizing the agricultural and industrial workers of the Deep South. Assuredly this is the region in America that stands most in need of work of this kind. The new director of the college is Claude Williams, a Presbyterian minister who has gained national attention and respect for his activities on behalf of the sharecroppers and other exploited classes in the South. Donald G. Kobler is the new secretary-treasurer. Under the new regime Commonwealth is to be strictly non-factional and the reorganization plan provides "that no political party, or political groups or factions [shall] stipulate either who shall serve on the faculty of Commonwealth or who shall be admitted to its student body; and that no political units, locals or factions be officially recognized as such in campus groups by the school." Tuition rates remain as before: $1 per day and $25 per month with manual work; $2 and $50, respectively, without work. A varied list of extension courses is planned to further the school's usefulness among those not able to be in active attendance on the campus.

International Coöperation Steps Ahead

In Paris recently the International Coöperative Alliance held a congress, attended by five hundred delegates, representing about 100,000,000 members of coöperatives all over the world, and adopted several important new plans. First, the congress decided to set up an International Coöperative Purchasing Agency to pool the purchases of the twenty-seven national coöperative wholesale associations that have hitherto belonged only to an informal organization without any international buying office. Second, a program of education and recreation was planned, to be carried out by a new international youth coöperative, in order to teach the rising generation about the philosophy and achievements of the movement. The American delegation to the congress suggested that an International Oil Wholesale be formed that would let the enormous European oil coöperatives help to extend the activities of similar groups in the United States. Because the British coöperatives have engaged in political activity, the provision against such action was omitted, but aside from that the Congress adopted the basic Rochdale coöperative principles: open membership, democratic control, distribution of savings in proportion to purchases and limited interest on capital.

Tampa Justice

Joseph Shoemaker, who was a progressive political worker, died on December 8, 1935, from the injuries he sustained while being beaten, tarred and feathered, after being kidnaped with two other men by Tampa, Florida, city police on the evening of November 30, 1935. Now the trial of the ten men indicted for his murder is finally in motion and there is a serious possibility that a new chapter of violence and lawlessness will be written to complete the Shoemaker story. Eugene Poulnot, one of the men kidnaped with Shoemaker and a key witness in the pending trial, is believed to be in grave danger. Threats have been made against his life, presumably by the revived Ku Klux Klan, which is carrying on a campaign of intimidation all over Florida and in Tampa particularly. He has been warned that he will "never live to testify in the murder trial," and the record of Tampa's violence indicates that some of its citizens are capable of carrying out the threat, provided police do not prevent it. It is important to note that the ten men who are to stand trial, and whose lives may depend

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upon the testimony Poulnot has to give, have been released on bail. Norman Thomas, chairman of the Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, has telegraphed to Governor Fred Cone, to the mayor of Tampa and the sheriff of Hillsborough county, warning them of the danger under which Poulnot lives. If either Eugene Poulnot or any other person connected with the Shoemaker case is attacked, the responsibility will rest squarely upon these officials.

He Can't Be Dead

It can't be true. They have announced that Charlie Chaplin's next picture will be a talkie and that Mr. Chaplin (we'll probably have to call him "Charles" from now on) is going to impersonate an entirely new character, one "more suitable to the new technique of the talking motion picture." But we can't just sit here and let them put an end to the little tramp who has seen us through the World War, the hysteria of the twenties and the gloom of depression, who dusted off the goldfish in "The Circus," balanced his house on the precipice in "The Gold Rush" and got caught in the mechanical eating device in "Modern Times." There is a good deal too much talk in the talkies as it is, and there are numbers of stars who speak with eloquence. Let them do the talking, Charlie, because you are the only one who could do without words, who could start an audience roaring with laughter one minute and have it crying the next because it knew so well what you were saying.

News Notes of a Week

The French franc continued to drift downward during the week ending September 21. For various reasons, including the flight of capital abroad, the franc has lost half its value, in terms of foreign currency, in the past year. . . . As Soviet Russia prepared for her first election under the new Constitution, the purge of saboteurs, spies and Trotskyists continued in all parts of the country. . . . The League Assembly voted against permitting Loyalist Spain to remain a member of the Council, the Nazified South American states voting against her. . . . The United States agreed to join the League Advisory Committee on the Far East and Secretary Hull made several speeches opposing isolationism, recommending peace instead of war and holding that trade is better than no trade. Europeans, as usual, were quick to overestimate the degree to which America is now prepared to intervene again in the affairs of the Old World. . . . The New York stock market continued downward and every reason was advanced except that prices had been too high. . . . The National Labor Relations Board held additional hearings on the vigilante movement in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. . . . John L. Lewis was a visitor at the White House and newspaper correspondents, without any particular evidence, decided that the coolness between the President and Lewis was ended.

The Case of Mr. Justice Black

THE CHARGE against Mr. Justice Black, that he was once a member of the Ku Klux Klan, made a fictitious resignation and rejoined the hooded order as a life member, is an extremely serious setback to the Roosevelt administration. It comes at a moment when the conservatives have won a signal victory in regard to the Supreme Court plan and Mr. Roosevelt is more on the defensive than at any time during his four and a half years in office. The President, it is now clear, intends to continue the fight for reorganization of the Supreme Court, and the Black affair provides his enemies with an easy and effective bit of ammunition. It is, to be sure, an illogical and meaningless one, but that does not lessen its value in politics.

It is important, but not decisive, to note that the hue and cry against Mr. Justice Black comes almost entirely from sources hostile to the administration and eager for every possible excuse to attack the President or any of his allies. The newspaper in which the series of articles first appeared is owned by Mr. Paul Block, who is known as a completely unreconstructed Tory whose idea of Paradise would be a return to the Coolidge days. The Block papers, and most of the others engaged in the fight, have a record of opposition to Mr. Black, both as Senator and as Supreme Court choice. It is easy to imagine how casually they would have received similar charges against a nominee to whom they were friendly, named by a President who was a member of their own crowd. It also seems perfectly clear that Drew Pearson and Robert Allen are correct in charging that the present rulers of the Ku Klux Klan deliberately dug out the documents about Mr. Justice Black and gave them to the press. Records of this sort are not left in places where anyone can walk in and take them. The Klan today undoubtedly hates Mr. Justice Black for the record he made in the United States Senate, and that hatred ought to make every good American think better of its object.

In theory, of course, judgment should be suspended on the question whether the charges are true, until Mr. Justice Black has replied to them. In fact, however, there can now be very few people who do not believe that he joined the Ku Klux Klan in 1923. The documents made public do not look like forgeries. At the time of his first election to the Senate, it was widely stated in the press that he had had Klan support and had succeeded only because of it. Finally, his own actions since the issue was raised ten days ago strongly suggest that the story is true.

Both the Justice and the President have cut a sorry figure in this affair. The former should certainly have told Mr. Roosevelt about his Klan connection, at least in that final conference before the news was announced. As for the President, he should have had an investigation made that would have revealed the record of his proposed nominee.

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It is quite customary for such investigations to be made by secret operatives of the Department of Justice, and we understand that this was actually done, in the case of some other men whom the President had under consideration. It is not true, as some hostile critics have maintained, that Mr. Roosevelt acted in great haste. We hear that at least twenty-two possible nominees were on the list. Twenty-one of them were eliminated for "just cause." The President's sin was not haste, but acting alone. The number of those who knew what was afoot was so small that it contained no one who remembered the stories of KKK affiliation. If it had been even a little larger, someone would certainly have done so.

What can be said in extenuation of Mr. Justice Black? First of all, we might remember that in Alabama, in 1923, joining the Klan was much like what joining Rotary or Kiwanis or the Lions is in some small midwestern town. If you didn't, you were just nobody, and this was especially true for the politicians. There were thousands of respectable middle-class people who took the Klan oath without realizing the full significance of the hooded order or the hateful character of its doctrines of bigotry, intolerance and cruelty. It is a well known fact that large numbers of such members not only did not participate in the night-riding activities of the Klan, but learned of their existence from the same sources as non-members.

The matter of the life membership would be important only if it could be shown that Mr. Justice Black had been, and still is, actuated by his belief in Klan doctrines. There is no evidence that this is true. Indeed, his record in the Senate shows no signs whatever of Klan leanings. While he opposed the federal anti-lynching bill, this was opposed as well by other Southerners not suspected of Klan affiliations. Senator Borah is witness that in the hearings on the wages-and-hours bill, Mr. Black fought consistently to safeguard the Negro's position. Throughout the Roosevelt administration, he was a tower of strength for progressivism in the Senate. He conducted with great skill three important investigations, those dealing with the merchant marine, the airmail and lobbying. He performed an invaluable service in getting the holding-company bill passed, and fought equally well for the wages-and-hours measure. As everyone knows, his voting record since March, 1933, has been almost 100-percent perfect from the standpoint of liberalism.

Under these circumstances, the desirable course of conduct for Mr. Justice Black seems to us fairly clear. Let him come forward and tell the whole story of his relationship with the Klan. He has done great harm to himself, to the President and to the Court by his silence thus far and by his undignified scuttling from one hotel to another with the press at his heels. Let him supplement his statement by a candid appraisal of what the Klan affiliation and the Klan doctrines mean in his own life today—a question which, obviously, no one but himself can answer. If he is able to tell the American people that he is not a Klansman in any sense of the term, then let him remain on the Bench and continue the fight against special privilege and on behalf of the rights and interests of the common man in which he has played so fine a part in his years in the Senate.

The President's Fighting Speech

NOT IN many months has President Roosevelt made a more challenging address than his speech on Constitution Day. He paid his respects to the dictatorships abroad, "both plutocratic and proletarian," with such vigor that the press in Germany was forbidden to present his views; he renewed the pledge to keep America out of war; but most of his time was devoted to things nearer home.

He left no doubt that he will continue to fight for his entire program, including removal of the Supreme Court barrier to the betterment of conditions for the masses of the people. He is convinced, he indicated, that a majority of the people are behind him in his demand for improved economic and social conditions. Particularly, he believes, they want shorter hours, higher wages, stable income for farmers, an end to disruptive trade practices and the abolition of conditions which permit a small minority to profiteer at the expense of a majority.

He reminded his hearers that the Constitution was written not only to protect the few against the tyranny of the many, but the many against the few. He spoke eloquently of the cost of the "twenty-year lag" between the necessity for change and the recognition of that necessity by the Supreme Court. He also mentioned the fundamental absurdity of five-to-four decisions where the odd man on the Court rules. He is determined during his present tenure of office to have the Supreme Court become part of the government of the United States instead of an alternative and superior power.

No one who knows anything of the color of the President's mind need have been surprised by the attitude displayed in this speech. Even his bitterest enemies recognize that he is not a quitter. In the past session of Congress he acted with less than his usual political skill, chiefly because he overestimated his own strength. A compromise was offered under which he could have increased the size of the Court to eleven and established the principle of retirement for age. The President rejected the compromise and was defeated on his proposal. Since then, he has been further embarrassed as to his relation to the Court by the charges that his appointee, Mr. Justice Black, is a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

But while Mr. Roosevelt has lost a salient or two, he has not lost his battle. It remains true that a third —at least—of all Americans are ill housed, ill fed and ill clad. It remains true also that we have made more progress toward a socialized economy in the past four and a half years than in the two previous decades. While support of the President throughout

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the country may have lessened somewnat since his overwhelming victory at the polls eleven months ago, a large majority still stands behind him. There are scores of men in both houses of Congress who were elected by the people for the express purpose of helping Mr. Roosevelt to carry out the aims of the New Deal. The chief criticism that can now be made of the President is that he does not work closely enough with these congressional supporters, take them into his confidence, rely upon their excellent collective judgment as to what the country wants and how to get it. His tactics are sometimes open to question; but his main objectives must, in our opinion, be endorsed by every American who believes that peace, happiness and security for all are possible within our borders.

Wisconsin's "Little TVA"

WISCONSIN is the first state to set up a "little TVA" within its own borders and is pioneering with some public-utility legislation that may well be a model for other states to follow. Passage of the law was brought about only after a bitter five-months' fight in which the utilities and other private business interests used every trick and pressure at their command to block the law and then promptly challenged its constitutionality in the courts.

Meanwhile, the Wisconsin Development Authority has been formally constituted and is going ahead with plans for an orderly, statewide power program. The Wisconsin Constitution forbids the state to engage directly in works of internal improvement. For that reason, the Authority is set up as a private agency under state supervision, and the state gives it an annual appropriation of $60,000 to carry out its promotional and educational activities.

The objectives of the Wisconsin Development Authority are threefold. It is designed (1) to carry on promotional work, such as aiding farmers to form rural electric coöperatives, aiding the formation of municipal power districts and encouraging municipal ownership of utilities; (2) to furnish supervisory and engineering services for these agencies and even private plants; and (3) where necessary, to build and operate generating plants to produce and sell power.

Since the state appropriation is strictly limited to promotion and education, the financing of the actual operations of the Authority must come from other sources. It is contemplated that funds will be derived from the federal government, municipalities, municipal power districts, electric coöperatives and private companies. For example, such services as engineering, accounting and technical supervision will be furnished on a cost basis to agencies desiring them.

The most important immediate job of the WDA will be the carrying out of the $5,000,000 rural-electrification program already under way in Wisconsin in conjunction with the federal Rural Electrification Administration. Previously the educational and promotional work on this program had been done by a state agency, Rural Electrification Coördination, but its appropriations are now exhausted and the WDA will take over its work. Another prime consideration is the formation of municipal power districts. Although a law authorizing such districts has been on the statute books since 1931, almost no use has been made of it because there has been no central guiding agency to assist in getting the districts formed.

Establishment of the WDA brings to fruition a long cherished dream as well as a campaign promise of Governor Philip F. La Follette. Advocates of the measure point out that the mere appearance of the proposal before the state legislature acted as a sort of "birch rod in the cupboard" and is believed to have been instrumental in causing some of the largest utilities in the state to reduce their residential rates nearly $300,000 a year—a reduction the Wisconsin Public Service Commission had been trying to bring about for some time.

At present the Wisconsin Development Authority consists of fifteen members, among them farmers, lawyers and business men, under the presidency of Charles B. Perry, a veteran Republican legislative leader and campaigner for public-utility reforms. In a radio talk that was part of the ceremony of signing the bill, Governor La Follette is quoted as having said:

> Let no one believe that any responsible person in Wisconsin is interested in a program that is destructive. We all want to build—not destroy. No part of this power program is aimed at injuring the honest investor of his savings. On the contrary, the rights and savings of the prudent investor are entitled to and will receive protection. Wisconsin has always stood for orderly progress and today again our state takes another important step forward. In the years to come, I predict that this day will be remembered as a milestone marking the beginning of a sound and constructive program that will mean a great deal to the future prosperity of Wisconsin.

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The Right People

ONCE UPON a time in the old days of Washington Square, Deems Taylor was heckling Hippolyte Havel, the Village anarchist. "I don't see how you fellows ever coöperate on anything," he said.

"Why we hold meetings and take votes," explained Havel.

"But," said Taylor triumphantly, "that isn't anarchy. That's democracy."

"Not at all," rejoined Hippolyte, "because if you don't happen to like the vote you don't pay any attention to it."

Such a defense would not avail Hippolyte Havel today, for under the system which he celebrated he would find himself a Lippmann liberal, a Thompson Jeffersonian and a Sokolsky patriot. This refusal to accept majority rule is called the defense of minority rights, and it has gone to such a length that men are expected to hang their heads in shame if by any chance the side that they espoused happens to win the election. And the greater the margin of victory the sharper is the crown of thorns pressed down upon the brow of the official who is chosen. As Maine goes so must the nation. Indeed, if America ever becomes Lippmann Land the prize-fighter who fells an adversary will be required to sink to the canvas himself before the count of ten or forfeit his title.

In the case of some of the commentators, the smaller the minority the more vociferous is the support. Thus, in the instance of George E. Sokolsky the rights of labor seem to mean only the privileges and perquisites of Tom Girdler and E. T. Weir. And by some curious sort of reasoning Mr. Sokolsky manages to tie up his most reactionary utterances with his religious instinct. When he comes back from Weirton with his face somewhat more smeared with shoe polish than usual it may be that he is under the misapprehension that bowing down in the House of Rimmon is a religious requirement rather than a rebate. Nevertheless, it is nice work if you can get it, and the exercise is even more effective than chiropractic in the matter of limbering up the spine.

However, I still remain puzzled at Mr. Sokolsky's apparent belief that he can reconcile the tenets of his faith with fascism, and yet when he is accused of inciting the vigilante spirit his traditional reply is to charge his adversary with anti-Semitism. In a recent answer to such an attack by Benjamin Stolberg, I believe that George E. Sokolsky easily earned the non-sequitur prize for 1937 by writing, "I am a religious Jew, a member of a synagogue and, I hope, worthy of it." Mr. Girdler's buddy is never more dangerous than when he begins to parade his piety. Ignoring the fine and ancient revolutionary tradition of Judaism, Sokolsky invariably feigns a faith before he looses his venom at the cause of labor. Indeed one might almost say that he gabardines his spit.

The case of poor Miss Thompson is of quite a different order. She is a victim of galloping nascence. Most of her newspaper training was received abroad where she was an active if not particularly profound foreign correspondent. Returning to her native land, she is suddenly filled with the same fervor of discovery as "stout Cortez" or Columbus. Such a mood has many advantages. The old Sun in New York favored lads from Kansas or the Coast on the theory that it wanted reporters who would gape at the Flatiron Building rather than homebodies who would take it in their stride. Indeed, if Miss Thompson had served an adequate apprenticeship in a city room she might have become a competent reporter in the course of the years. Unfortunately she sprang Minerva-like out of the head of Jove. Before the ship had passed Ellis Island, Miss Thompson began to see all, hear all and say all. In fact she had been on The Herald Tribune no more than a couple of weeks when she undertook to contradict Walter Lippmann.

In all fairness to a very vigorous young lady, she did make contacts with one or two old trappers in an effort to learn the nature of the country, but not one of them was a guide sufficiently forceful to interrupt upon occasion and say, "This time I'm telling you." Miss Thompson's very vigor is a handicap to her emulating Henry Adams and getting an education. If all the speeches she has made in the past twelve months were laid end to end they would constitute a bridge of platitudes sufficient to reach from The Herald Tribune's editorial rooms to the cold caverns of the moon. And Miss Thompson the orator bobs up in the most curious places. Never since its inception had the Union League Club permitted a woman to enter its portals, much less address the members, and then one evening suddenly there was Dorothy Thompson stampeding the old gentlemen into riotous enthusiasm with the ringing declaration that she purposed to support the capitalist system. A fashionable physician told me that the next day he felt compelled to warn no less than six of his patients that if the Union League Club was to pull any more such heady stuff he would be obliged to forbid them permission to sit in the lounge and watch the buses go by.

Within a week Miss Thompson had shattered another precedent by speaking at the Harvard Club, and the Colgate alumni of New York were next to give way. Dorothy Thompson is greater than Eliza because not only does she cross the ice but breaks it as she goes. Moreover, she is her own bloodhound. A facial cream has got her now and

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she will be a regular on the air as well as in politics. Possibly I speak out of a certain prejudice. Some months ago I had an engagement to talk at the New School for Social Research and was unable to appear on account of illness. I ran into a man who went and asked him who took my place. "Who do you think?" he said. "Dorothy Thompson." And so of late I always sit tense and worried in that interval at Episcopalian weddings where the minister pauses and asks if anybody has anything to say, and I look around furtively to see if by any chance Miss Thompson is among the congregation.

But again in the interests of fair play, a sport for which I am quite an enthusiast, I must admit that Dorothy Thompson has upon occasion written out of a passionate fervor for good causes. I have in mind a column of rejoicing that she did when the Committee for Industrial Organization won its peaceful victory in Big Steel. Miss Thompson is sounder in her emotions than in her reasoning. She is unfortunately an Indian giver, and since the first outburst she has had no good word for CIO. Instead her criticism has all been against labor's use of pressure and power. Seemingly she feels that the victory in Big Steel was all done with mirrors.

Of late disquieting news has reached me from an inside source. An old newspaper associate of Miss Thompson informs me that she asked him to suggest some book she might read to familiarize herself with American history. He gave her The Federalist. Now that Dorothy Thompson is reading a book I'm afraid there will be no holding her.

For several seasons the mind of Walter Lippmann has been open to visitors every day except Sunday, when a small admission fee is charged, and so any comment here would be superfluous. Anybody can go and see for himself. He will find the excursion listed in the guide book under the heading, "Cave of the Winds."

The case of Mr. Pegler, "that peril to placidity," is simplest of all. Peg was bitten by an income tax while still a boy a few years ago.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

This is the first of a series of weekly contributions by Heywood Broun.—THE EDITORS.

The USSR in the Oriental Crisis

THE WHOLE world now knows that Japan is engaged in a major war of conquest directed against China. The occupation of Manchuria in 1931 was not, as she pretended, for the purpose of eradicating communists, but a first step in a carefully thought-out plan for the subjugation of China. Her militarists, to be sure, have also thought seriously about an attack upon Soviet Russia, and have received encouragement from certain quarters to do so. The Japanese, however, are realists; they prefer to follow the line of least resistance. The former Celestial Empire, disunited, almost unarmed, torn by civil strife, with the war lords fighting among themselves and the Nanking regime fighting the Chinese Communists, appeared unable to withstand invasion. That is why Japan chose to continue her expansion southward.

China's Remarkable Showing.—The pressure of the Japanese steamroller has intensified the internal process of unification that had already begun in China. Her young people, particularly the students, have repeatedly shown their impatience with Nanking's temporizing policy. The united-front movement, headed by such outstanding figures as Madame Sun Yat-sen, has rapidly spread through the country. The process of unification was accelerated by the results of the now-famous Sian "kidnaping." After it was settled, the movement for unification passed into its most significant phase. The civil strife was ended. Chiang Kai-shek was forced to listen to the demand of the patriots that the invaders be stopped; a genuine united front was at last formed. Japan had not expected any such thing; she has been astonished by the results, which have played havoc with her plans. The Chinese have resisted her onslaught with amazing determination, courage and heroism, expressed through a skillful, well trained and competently led army.

The Chinese Communists.—At this juncture, a new and extremely important factor has appeared. The Chinese Red Army, which for years has been advocating resistance to Japan and has eagerly offered to fight shoulder to shoulder with all other Chinese, has now become part of the National Army. The Chinese Communist military leaders, Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh and Chou En-lai, have proved their patriotism by laying aside their quarrel with Nanking, believing resistance to Japan was for the moment far more important than a contest of political systems. They have offered not only to coöperate with their long-time enemies at Nanking, but to place their troops at Chiang Kai-shek's disposal. With their equipment, reinforced by arms, ammunition and artillery from the government arsenals, the Communist troops, at least 100,000 strong, have joined the national defense under the name of the Eighth Chinese Route Army.

These veteran fighters are particularly valuable because they are highly experienced in guerilla warfare—the sort China most needs in her encounter

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with Japan. It is no disrespect to the Chinese fighting man to say that he cannot at present stand up against Japan's thoroughly trained, magnificently equipped troops. China's best chance lies in using relatively small, irregular detachments who rely on the population at large, ambush the enemy's troops, harass the lines of communication, demolish tunnels and bridges and destroy ammunition, food and supplies either in storage or in transit. Mao Tse-tung has described this sort of warfare on the basis of his own long and successful experience:

> It is a war of maneuver over an extended, shifting and indefinite front, a strategy depending for success upon a high degree of mobility in difficult terrain, and featured by swift attack and withdrawal, swift concentration and dispersal. . . . Our strategy and tactics must aim to avoid great decisive battles in the early stages of the war and gradually to break the morale, the fighting spirit and the military efficiency of the living forces of the enemy.

The Chinese-Russian Non-Aggression Pact.—It is interesting to recall that in 1932, in the midst of Japan's invasion of Manchuria, normal diplomatic relations between China and the USSR were restored. In the same way, the opening of the present campaign has been quickly followed by the announcement that Moscow and Nanking have signed a non-aggression pact. Despite Tokyo's charge, which was to be expected, that China has embarked on a policy looking toward communism, the Great Powers, who have no real illusions about the Red Bogey, received the news calmly—more calmly than they did the Japanese-German anti-communist understanding late in 1936. The world remains skeptical of Japan's assurance that she is engaged in saving China from bolshevism (by the methods now being used by General Franco in Spain). Only in Germany and Italy does the fascist-controlled press accept Japan's self-justification at its ostensible face value.

The Soviet Union's Position.—The sympathy of the USSR, it is well known, has always been on the side of China, though she has never shown any sign of interfering in the Chinese-Japanese quarrel. The new non-aggression pact simply serves to underline the USSR's desire for an undivided and independent China and her earnest wish to see peace preserved. The pact is similar to, perhaps even stronger than, the parallel agreements concluded with all her neighbors save one. That one, of course, is Japan, who has stonily refused the proffer.

It is quite clear that Moscow does not contemplate any action, taken alone, that would constitute direct interference in the present conflict. This is not at all because she is unsure of her own strength but because she is convinced that only collective action of the Great Powers can check the aggressor and prevent continuance of war. The Japanese General Staff, contrary to common impression, does not underrate the USSR's armed strength. It has learned much both from its Intelligence Service and from its numerous ill fated raids across the Siberian border. It knows that the Red Army is highly efficient, well equipped, up-to-date and supported by both a strong, rapidly growing industry and a sound financial structure. They know it is nonsense to say that the USSR has been seriously weakened by the recent "purges"; they undoubtedly are aware that the exposure and destruction of the elaborate network of foreign espionage (in which their own government played a part) has made Soviet Russia stronger, not weaker.

While it is true that the USSR is menaced by Germany and Japan, the real danger point is still some distance away. Japan is too busy with China. Germany, even if she were ready for a major war, cannot attack the Soviet Union alone. Moreover, she must first arrange to cross the neutral ground that lies between herself and Soviet Russia, either forcing a way through Czechoslovakia or "borrowing" a frontier from Poland.

Will the USSR Help China?—To say that Soviet Russia will not take an active part in the present war does not entirely dispose of the question of assistance. There is also indirect help. Japan has not yet sought to prohibit all China's foreign trade; her reluctance to declare war makes it more difficult for her to do so. Of course, it is not a simple matter to move supplies from the USSR to China, as a glance at the map will show. There are no Chinese railroads in the bordering provinces, and even automobile roads hardly exist. Japan, by occupying Kalgan, has blocked the main road through Outer Mongolia. The Gobi Desert is almost impassable for heavy loads. Chinese Turkestan, or Sinkiang, is accessible mainly to camel caravans. Airplanes, of course, can fly across these desert wastes. The question is: How many could be sent? And where from? Let me emphasize that thus far, there is not the slightest evidence of direct or indirect military help from the USSR to China. Nevertheless, the importance of developing good trade relations between the two countries is today being stressed despite—and perhaps because of—the Sino-Japanese war.

Conclusion.—It is idle to pretend to know how the Asiatic crisis may develop, but there is no risk in asserting that the USSR, in spite of her great military strength, is definitely devoted to the cause of peace. It is extremely unlikely that Moscow will act in advance of, or in the absence of, a collective scheme of all the interested powers. An exception must be noted in case Japan should encroach upon the Outer Mongolian Republic; the Soviet Union is bound by treaty to the defense of this Republic. Editorial comment in Russian newspapers unanimously supports the view stated above, that the solution of the crisis is to be found in collective action of the Powers, particularly those interested in the Pacific, intervening in accordance with existing international treaties and covenants.

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China, also, expects, as she has a right to do, support from the other powers in the form of determination to maintain such agreements as the Nine-Power Treaty, the Kellogg Pact and the League Covenant. She does not ask military help for herself, so much as she hopes that Japan's friends will be prevented from intervening actively. Such intervention might take the form of supplying both military materials and credits. If such aid is not extended, there is a good chance that Japan may be unable to carry on an extended war. She would be defeated by three things: her own weakened economic position, physical difficulties (lack of roads, mud, climatic hardships and epidemics) and by the combined forces of a united China, fighting to the last man for independence.

There is a limit to the patriotism even of the Japanese masses, as there is a limit to their endurance. Pushed too far, the nation might ask for a change and the withdrawal of the militarists. Would certain outside powers permit such an eventuality? Would they not prefer to prevent a Japanese revolution even at heavy cost to themselves and even at the sacrifice of some of their large holdings in China? The answer to this query seems to be the key to the situation. VICTOR YAKHONTOFF.

A. E. Housman

"The Voice, Sent Forth, Can Never Be Recalled"

WHEN THIS paper[1] was reprinted in 1933, Housman characteristically wrote of it as follows: "The Council of University College, not I, had the lecture printed." He described it as "rhetorical and not wholly sincere" and put upon the title-page, *"Nescit vox missa reverti."*

The little essay is curious in largely evading the questions it raises and taking the direction of a piece of special pleading for the author's own pursuits. Both the sciences and the arts, says Housman, are ordinarily defended by arguments which make their interests appear antagonistic. But the arguments on both sides are mistaken. Science is said to be useful, but what is the use, for example, of a great deal of astronomical research? And the business men who make practical use of the results of scientific study are usually not scientists at all. (Do they not use them, nevertheless?—and are not the results of gratuitous research constantly turning out to be useful?) The Humanities, on the other hand, are supposed to "transform and beautify our inner nature by culture." Yet the proportion of the human race capable of being benefited by classical studies is certainly very small, and these "can attain the desired end without that minute and accurate study of the classical tongues which affords Latin professors their only excuse for existing." Not even the great critics of the classics are genuine classical scholars: "When it comes to literary criticism, heap up in one scale all the literary criticism that the whole nation of professed scholars ever wrote, and drop into the other the thin green volume of Matthew Arnold's 'Lectures on Translating Homer,' which has long been out of print because the British public does not care to read it, and the first scale, as Milton says, will straight fly up and kick the beam." (We shall discuss the assumptions here in a moment.)

The arts and the sciences alike are only to be defended, says Housman, on the ground that the desire for knowledge is one of the normal human appetites, and that men suffer if they do not have it gratified. And "once we have recognized that knowledge in itself is good for man, we shall need to invent no pretexts for studying this subject or that; we shall import no extraneous considerations of use or ornament to justify us in learning one thing rather than another. If a certain department of knowledge specially attracts a man, let him study that, and study it because it attracts him; and let him not fabricate excuses for that which requires no excuse, but rest assured that the reason why it most attracts him is that it is best for him."

This is certainly true in so far as it means that we should follow the direction of our aptitudes; but it seems to imply that there is no difference in value between one department of learning and another or between the different points of view from which the various kinds of research can be conducted. There is no conception in Housman's mind, as there would have been in Whitehead's, for example, of relating the part to the whole, comprehending the organism through the cell. Knowledge seems to be regarded by Housman as a superior sort of pastime—"good for man" because it gives him pleasure and at most because "it must in the long run be better for a man to see things as they are than to be ignorant of them; just as there is less fear of stumbling or of striking against corners in the daylight than in the dark." (*"The thoughts of others Were light and fleeting, Of lovers' meeting Or luck or fame; Mine were of trouble And mine were steady, So I was ready When trouble came."*) The disillusionment of western man in regard to his place in the universe is described in a fine passage too long to quote; and the activities of the "Arts and Laws and Science"

[1] Introductory Lecture Delivered Before the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science in University College, London, October 3, 1892, by A. E. Housman. New York: The Macmillan Company. 36 pages. $1.

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are finally characterized as "the rivalry of fellow soldiers in striving which can most victoriously achieve the common end of all, to set back the frontier of darkness."

In other words, there is no role for creation in Housman's scheme of things. Indeed, if one had read only his poetry, one might be surprised to find that he even believed that it was possible or of any importance to set back the frontier of darkness. In this poetry, there is only the realization of man's smallness on his revolving globe among the revolving constellations and of his own basic wrongness to himself, his own inescapable anguish. No one, it seems, can do anything about this universe which "ails from its prime foundation": we can only, like Mithridates, render ourselves immune to its poisons by compelling ourselves to absorb them in small quantities in order that we may not succumb to the larger doses reserved for us by our fellows, or face the world with the hard mask of stoicism, "manful like the man of stone." For the rest, "let us endure an hour and see injustice done." And now we find that for Housman knowledge itself meant at most the discovery of things that were already there—of those sharp corners which it was just as well not to bump into, of facts that were as invariable and as inert as the astronomical phenomena which are always turning up in his poems and which form the subject of the poem of Manilius to which he devoted so much of his life. He does not look to the sciences and arts for the birth of new worlds of thought, of new possibilities for men themselves. It is characteristic of him that he should speak, in this essay, of Milton as a greater artist than Shakespeare, of Shakespeare, in fact, as not "a great artist"—as if the completeness and richness of Shakespeare's dramatic imagination, a kind of genius which Milton, by comparison, seems hardly to possess at all, were not important enough to be taken into account in estimating the greatness of an artist—as if those stretches of "Paradise Lost" where everything is dead but the language were not the result of artistic deficiency. Again, the creation of life has no place in the universe of Housman.

Housman's practice in his own field of scholarship is an astonishing proof of this. The modern English classical scholar of the type of A. W. Verrall or Gilbert Murray is a critic not merely of texts but of the classics in their quality as literature and of literature in its bearing on history. This school on one of its sides sometimes merges with the anthropology of J. G. Frazer; and it deals with ancient Greece and Rome in relation to the life of its own time, restates them in terms of its own time. The danger, of course, with a Verrall or a Murray is that, with something of the poet's imagination himself, he may give way, in the case of Greek drama, for example, to inventing new plays of his own and trying to foist them on Euripides or Aeschylus. With Housman we do not run this danger. Housman is the opposite kind of scholar; he is preoccupied with the emendation of texts. He could never have been guilty of any of the extravagances of a Gilbert Murray or a Verrall, but he was not capable of their kind of illumination. Note his assumption, in the passage quoted above, that "the minute and accurate study of the classical tongues," with which he himself is exclusively preoccupied, "affords Latin professors their only excuse for existing." Have those classical scholars who write history, who write criticism, who make translations—Gibbon and Renan and Verrall and Murray and Jowett and Mackail (to extend the question to the whole classical field)—no excuse for existing, then? Is it so certain that, if their literary criticism were put into the scales with Matthew Arnold on Homer, the scholars would kick the beam? Or are such persons not scholars at all? In either case, it is plain that, for Housman, their activities lie outside the periphery of the sphere which he has chosen for his own.

Not, however, that Housman in this limited sphere has left the poet of "The Shropshire Lad" behind him. On the contrary, the peculiar genius which won him a place beside Bentley and Porson, which established him in his own time as almost supreme, with, apparently, only Wilamowitz as a rival, was derived from his ability to combine with the most "minute and accurate" mastery of language a first-hand knowledge of how poets express themselves. "The task of editing the classics," he wrote in his preface to Juvenal, "is continually attempted by scholars who have neither enough intellect nor enough literature. Unless a false reading chances to be unmetrical or ungrammatical they have no means of knowing that it is false." And he himself seemed able with a miraculous sureness to give the authors back their lines as they had written them. So, for example, despite a unanimity of manuscripts which read *"Omnis ab hac cura mens relavata mea est,"* Housman restored to Ovid from an inscription one of his characteristic turns of style: *"Omnis ab hac cura cura levata mea est."* (*"And set you at your threshold down, Townsman of a stiller town"; "Runners whom renown outran And the name died before the man"; "By Sestos tower, in Hero's town, On Hero's heart Leander lies."*) So, slightly emending the text, he turned a meaningless accepted reading of Juvenal, *"Perditus ac vilis sacci mercator olentis,"* into a characteristically vivid satiric stroke: *"Perditus ac similis sacci mercator olentis"*—the money-chasing merchant, on a stormy voyage, turns as yellow as his bag of saffron. (*"They shook, they stared as white's their shirt: Them it was their poison hurt."*) So, without even an emendation and simply by indicating a new relation between three words of Virgil's, he was able to give back style to a phrase—*"fallax herba veneni"*—which had always up to then been read as if it had been written with neither style nor grammar: substituting for "the deceitful plant of poison," "the plant that dissimulates its poison." (*"And bear from hill and valley The daffodil away That dies on Easter day"; "Lie long, high snowdrifts in the*

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hedge That will not shower on me"; "Snap not from the bitter yew His leaves that live November through.") Several of his readings, I believe, have been corroborated by the subsequent discovery of manuscripts which he had never seen.

To this rescue of the Greek and Roman poets from the negligence of the Middle Ages, from the incompetence and insensitivity of the scholars, Housman brought an unremitting zeal which may almost be described as passion. It has been said of the theorems of Newton that they cause the pulse to beat faster as one follows them. But the excitement and satisfaction afforded by the classical commentary of Housman must be unique in the history of scholarship. Even the scraping of the rust from an old coin is too tame to convey the experience of pursuing one of his arguments to its climax. It is as if, from the ancient author, so long dumb with his language itself, his very identity obliterated or blurred, Housman were striking a new spark of life —as if the poet could only find his tongue at the touch across Time of the poet. So far is Housman the scholar a giver of life—yet it is only as re-creator. He is only, after all, again, discovering things that were already there. His findings do not imply a new vision.

It was a queer destiny, and one that cramped him. Or had he not rather cramped himself? The great work of A. E. Housman's life in the field of classical scholarship was his edition of the five books of Manilius, the publication of which alone extended from 1903 to 1930. We are told in a memoir of Housman by his colleague, Professor A. S. F. Gow, of Cambridge, that Housman regarded Manilius as "a facile and frivolous poet, the brightest facet of whose genius was an eminent aptitude for doing sums in verse." And the layman may be disposed to assume that by Housman's time the principal Latin poets had already been covered so completely that there was nobody left except second-rate ones like Manilius. Certainly there was no place for another Bentley. But it turns out from Professor Gow that Housman's real favorite was Propertius—and that he had done a great deal of valuable work on him and had at one time contemplated a complete edition. Professor Gow says that presumably Housman saw in Manilius and Lucan (Lucan he seems also to have despised) "more opportunity than in Propertius of displaying his special gifts, and more hope of approaching finality in the solution of the problems presented," but adds that he "cannot help regretting that he [Housman] abandoned a great and congenial poet on whom so much time had already been lavished."

The elegist of "The Shropshire Lad" then deliberately and grimly chose Manilius when his real interest was in Propertius. There is an element of perversity, of self-mortification, in Housman's career all along. (Gow tells how up to the time of his death "he would be found reading every word of books whose insignificance must have been apparent in ten pages, and making remorseless catalogues of their shortcomings.") And his scholarship, great as it is in its way, is poisoned in revenge by the instincts which it seems to be attempting to destroy, so that it radiates more hatred for his opponents than love for the great literature of antiquity. Housman's papers on classical subjects, which shocked the sense of decorum of his colleagues, are painful to the admirers of his poetry. The bitterness here *is* indecent as in his poetry it never is. In a prose, old-fashioned and elaborate, which somewhat resembles Pope's, he will attack the third-rate German professors who have committed the sin of editing the Latin authors incompetently with sentences that coil and strike like rattlesnakes, or that wrap themselves around their victims and squeeze them to death like boa-constrictors. When English fails, he resorts to scurrilous Latin. And the whole thing is likely at any moment to give way to some morose observation on the plight of the human race:

> To believe that wherever a best ms. gives possible readings it gives true readings, and that only when it gives impossible readings does it give false readings, is to believe that an incompetent editor is the darling of Providence, which has given its angels charge over him lest at any time his sloth and folly should produce their natural results and incur their appropriate penalty. . . . How the world is managed, and why it was created, I cannot tell; but it is no feather-bed for the repose of sluggards.

And not only, he continues, has the notion been imposed that "inert adhesion to one authority is methodical criticism," but "rational criticism has been branded with a term of formal reprobation."

> But still there is a hitch. Competent editors exist; and side by side with those who have embraced "the principles of criticism," there are those who follow the practice of critics: who possess intellects, and employ them on their work. Consequently their work is better done, and the contrast is mortifying. This is not as it should be. As the wise man dieth, so dieth the fool: why then should we allow them to edit the classics differently? If nature, with flagitious partiality, has given judgment and industry to some men and left other men without them, it is our evident duty to amend her blind caprice; and those who are able and willing to think must be deprived of their unfair advantage by stringent prohibitions. In Association football you must not use your hands, and similarly in textual criticism you must not use your brains. Since we cannot make fools behave like wise men, we will insist that wise men should behave like fools: by these means only can we redress the injustice of nature and anticipate the equality of the grave.

And here is the somber and threatening, the almost Isaian, utterance to which he is moved by the failure of one of the compilers of a German-Latin dictionary to include in the article on *aelurus,* the Latinized Greek word for *cat,* any mention of an instance of its occurrence arrived at by an emenda-

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tion in Juvenal and believed by Housman to be the first extant:

> Everyone can figure to himself the mild inward glow of pleasure and pride which the author of this unlucky article felt while he was writing it and the peace of mind with which he said to himself, when he went to bed that night, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." This is the felicity of the house of bondage, and of the soul which is so fast in prison that it cannot go forth; which commands no outlook on the past or the future, but believes that the fashion of the present, unlike all fashions heretofore, will endure perpetually and that its own flimsy tabernacle of second-hand opinions is a habitation for everlasting.

Even when Housman is saying something positive the emotion seems out of proportion to its object: we feel that he is overwrought. Here is a passage on Bentley from the preface to the first volume of his Manilius:

> *Lucida tela diei:* these are the words that come into one's mind when one has halted at some stubborn perplexity of reading or interpretation, has witnessed Scaliger and Gronovius and Huetius fumble at it one after another, and then turns to Bentley and sees Bentley strike his finger on the place and say *thou ailest here, and here.* . . . The firm strength and piercing edge and arrowy swiftness of his intellect, his matchless facility and adroitness and resource, were never so triumphant as where defeat seemed sure; and yet it is other virtues that one most admires and welcomes as one turns from the smoky fire of Scaliger's genius to the sky and air of Bentley's: his lucidity, his sanity, his great and simple and straightforward fashion of thought.

Transferring Arnold's words for Goethe to Bentley is not perhaps comparing great things with small, but in the substitution for the "physician of the Iron Age" of the physician of mangled texts, there is a narrowing of scope almost comic. The preface to the first book of Manilius, from which the above passage has been quoted, magnificent as it is in its way, has also something monstrous about it.

Yet some acquaintance with the classical work of Housman greatly increases one's estimate of his stature. One encounters an intellectual pride almost Dantesque or Swiftian. "You would be welcome to praise me," he writes, "if you did not praise one another"; and "the reader whose good opinion I desire and have done my utmost to secure is the next Bentley or Scaliger who may chance to occupy himself with Manilius." His arrogance is perhaps never more ferocious than when he is judging himself severely: when a friend who had ventured to suggest the publication of a paper on Swinburne which Housman had read before a college literary society had been told by Housman that he was leaving directions to have it destroyed after his death and had retorted that if he really thought it bad he would have destroyed it already himself, Housman replied: "I do not think it bad: I think it not good enough for me." And he put on the title page of his edition of Juvenal *"editorum in usum edidit,"* to indicate that this feat of erudition—according to his own announcement, unprecedented—was intended merely as a hint to later editors as to how they might edit Juvenal in a really thoroughgoing fashion.

Is this the spectacle of a great mind crippled? Certainly it is the spectacle of a mind of remarkable penetration and vigor, of uncommon sensibility and intensity, deliberately condemning itself to duties which prevent it from rising to its full height. Perhaps it is the case of a man of genius who has never been allowed to come to growth. Housman's anger is tragic like Swift's. He is perhaps more pitiable than Swift, because he has had to suppress himself more completely. Swift, at least, after his exile to Ireland, was able to take out his fury in his crusading against the English. But Housman, giving up Greek in order to specialize in Latin because he "could not attain to excellence in both," giving up Propertius, who wrote about love, for Manilius, who did not even deal with human beings, turning away from the lives of the Romans to chain his attention to the difficulties of their texts, can only flatten out small German professors with weapons which would hardly have found their proper employment in anything short of a Promethean insurrection against the gods. He is the hero of "The Grammarian's Funeral"—the man of learning who makes himself great through the magnitude, not the importance, of his task.

It is only in the beautiful Latin verses prefixed to his edition of Manilius, in his few translations from Latin and Greek, and in his occasional literary essays, that the voice of the Shropshire Lad comes through—that voice that, once sped on its way, pierced through to the deepest layers of consciousness of the whole English-speaking world, disburdening hearts with its music that made loss and death and disgrace seem so beautiful, while poor Housman, burdened sorely forever, sat grinding and snarling at his texts. Would he have called it back if he could? There are moments when his ill humor and his pedantry almost make us think that he would.

At this point Professor Gow is able to throw some further light. It seems that Housman had marked the following passage from Colonel Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which he had come across in a review:

> There was my craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that never could I open myself friendly to another. The terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying; besides, there was the standard; for intimacy seemed shameful unless the other could make the perfect reply, in the same language, after the same method, for the same reasons.
>
> There was a craving to be famous; and a horror of being known to like being known. Contempt for my passion for distinction made me refuse every offered honor. I cherished my independence almost as did a Beduin, but my impotence of vision showed me my

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> shape best in painted pictures, and the oblique overheard remarks of others best taught me my created impression. The eagerness to overhear and oversee myself was my assault upon my own inviolate citadel.

Housman had written in the margin, "This is me." Both had been led by their extreme sensibility to assume in the presence of their fellows eccentric or repellent masks. Both had been led by extreme ambition to perform exploits which did not do them justice, exploits which their hearts were but half in: Professor Gow says that Housman's prime motive in undertaking his edition of Manilius was the ambition to "build" himself "a monument." And just as Lawrence was always losing the manuscripts of his books, limiting their circulation, making the pretense of suppressing them altogether; so Housman kept his poems out of anthologies, made the gestures of a negative attitude in regard to the reprinting of such pieces as this lecture and left instructions that his classical papers, of which Gow says there are something like a hundred, should never be published in a volume (instructions which it is to be hoped will be disobeyed).

Both were products of the English universities; and it would take an Englishman properly to account for them. But their almost insane attempts to conceal their blazing lights under bushels are recognizable as exaggerations of the Englishman's code of understatement in connection with his achievements and conquests. And both obviously belong to the monastic order of English university ascetics. The company to which Housman refers himself is that of Walter Pater, Lewis Carroll, Edward Fitzgerald and Gerard Manley Hopkins—and, earlier, of Thomas Gray. Not all of these—though most of them did—continued to inhabit Oxford and Cambridge, but they remained the men of the monastery all their lives. Are their humility, which seems imposed by moral principles, their shyness toward the extra-collegiate world, really derived from the ages when learning was the possession of pious brotherhoods and shut away between the walls of foundations?

Certainly their lack of emotional development is the result of that semi-monastic training. All seem checked at some early stage of growth, beyond which the sensibility and the intellect—even, in Lawrence's case, the ability to manage men—may crystallize in marvelous forms, but after which there is no natural progress in the experience of human relationships. Their works are among the jewels of English literature rather than among its great springs of life. And Alice and the Shropshire Lad and Marius the Epicurean are all the beings of a looking-glass world, either sexless or with an unreal sex which reads from right to left instead of from left to right. Isn't the state of mind indicated by Lawrence in the first of the paragraphs quoted above essentially an adolescent one? We are told in a recent memoir that he used to rail against marriage and child-bearing. "My father and my mother," Housman makes one of his hanged heroes say, "They had a likely son, And I have none." It would not be true to say of Housman, as it would of Fitzgerald or Gray, that his achievement has been merely to state with resignation certain of the melancholy commonplaces of human experience without any real presentation of that experience in the process of being lived through. There *is* immediate emotional experience in Housman of the same kind that there is in Heine, whom he imitated and to whom he has been compared. But Heine, for all his misfortunes, moves at ease in a larger world of experience. There is in his work an exhilaration of adventure—in travel, in love, in philosophy, in literature, in politics. Desolate as he may sometimes appear, he always lets in air and light to the mind. But Housman is closed from the beginning. His world is not a place to be explored, but a prison which one can only endure. He can only repeat the same experience over and over and draw from it the same bitter moral.

And he has somehow managed to grow old without in a sense ever having come to maturity. He has somehow never arrived at the age when the young man decides at last to try to make something out of this world he has never made.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Eagle Strike

THE Brooklyn Eagle strike was called on September 13 by the American Newspaper Guild after five months of negotiating had failed to obtain (1) slight wage increases, (2) extension of the five-day, forty-hour week from the editorial to the business departments, (3) job security.

The officers of the Guild believe that the strike is more than merely an offensive by about 300 guildsmen against a publisher who kicked the bottom out of their sincere attempts to bargain collectively. They interpret it as part of a concerted attack by the New York Newspaper Publishers' Association, backed by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, against vital Guild principles.

The Association members act jointly in dealing with the mechanical unions. There is circumstantial evidence tending to show that these members have now united their forces against the Guild and baited a trap at the Eagle building in the hope of administering to it a severe defeat. Such a setback now, they feel, would slow the Guild's efforts to finish its job of establishing decent working conditions and pay scales.

What is the reason for the importance of a Guild defeat now, instead of three months ago or three months in the future? The answer is that publishers are aroused over the Guild's St. Louis resolutions, which, when put into effect, will add a powerful punch to the Guild's campaign against peonage in the newspaper industry. The Guild was about to implement these resolutions when the Eagle unit's discontent with Publisher M.

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Preston Goodfellow's attitude was fanned—by deliberate action, apparently—to the point where a strike was the only recourse left to the union.

The St. Louis convention established the Guild firmly on its militant course by deciding, among other things, to affiliate with the CIO, to extend its jurisdiction from editorial workers only to all newspaper office employees and to institute a bargaining code mandatory in all Guild negotiations. Immediate adoption of these resolutions was delayed by a minority call for a referendum on the convention program.

It was not until late in August, when the referendum upheld all but one of the convention's resolutions, that the Guild was ready to march as a CIO union. It was not until then that it was ready to double—at the very least—its strength by recruiting office workers, thus vastly increasing its negotiating strength. The demand for the Guild shop, a question that was not included in the referendum, remained a vital part in all negotiations.

Alarmed by Guild advances already made, the publishers apparently decided that a powerful offense would prove the best defense against this liberal program. A made-to-order situation existed for the offensive at The Eagle because trouble had been smoldering there for some months and could quickly be brought to the blazing point. An Eagle strike would be the first ever called by the Guild against a major New York newspaper and the biggest, to date, under Guild auspices. A publishers' victory over The Eagle would stiffen their resistance to Guild demands now and in the future.

The theory has been advanced that Goodfellow goaded his men onto the picket line to furnish the strike he planned to break. This theory is drawn from his actions during the first week of September, after the referendum results became known.

Negotiations had been pending since March 31. The Eagle chapter, for the sake of job security, had accepted an offer of $700 in wage increases for 170 editorial men, provided that the five-day, forty-hour week be set up in the commercial departments. Job security was a major issue. An Eagle-unit strike vote, taken on July 27, had been held in abeyance, pending further negotiations. Goodfellow, breaking a string of promises, according to the Guild, and keeping up a stream of firings, bombshelled negotiations during the middle of August, when he suggested that further talks cease pending the outcome of the referendum.

When the Eagle chapter asked the New York Guild for authority to strike early this month, it was advised to hold one more conference with the publisher. Goodfellow entered this conference on September 9 knowing he could either have a strike or avert one. He attacked immediately. He rescinded his previous assent to a Guild shop, reasserted his right to fire at will, and it was revealed that forty-two men were about to be cut from the payroll. In addition, he refused to discuss the case of Gladys Bentley, star classified-ad taker and active Guild worker, who had been discharged but a few days previously. Feeling that Goodfellow had asked for a strike, the Guild let him have it.

Publishers hope that, in this strike, the Guild will meet something approaching a Homestead. The Guild, confident of victory, believes that a favorable settlement will enhance its prestige and strongly stimulate its organizational campaign. Goodfellow's campaign of economic attrition will not be an easy one to combat, but the union that licked Hearst looks forward to licking this "Brooklyn Girdler." WILLIAM T. ROSE.

Metropolis: 1960 Style

IF YOU have a well developed minutiae complex, you will want to make every effort to see the model city of 1960 that Norman Bel Geddes has designed for Shell Oil. Undoubtedly you've seen pictures of it already in the Super-Shell copy that is appearing in their extensive nationwide campaign. One of the advertisements shows a photograph of the city of the future as it might appear from about the level of a fifteenth floor. In the foreground is a traffic intersection on two levels, complete with sleek, tear-drop-shaped automobiles and trucks, while behind, in the hazy distance, rise up huge office buildings, stores and the Madison Square Garden of twenty-five years hence. It all goes to show, the copy says, that while traffic today is very slow it will soon be very fast and that in the meantime you should hurry to the nearest gas station and get yourself some Super-Shell.

Whether that is so or not, the actual model of the city is marvelous. It is in the shape of an irregular triangle, measuring about six feet through its widest section, and on a scale of one inch to one hundred feet. That makes it a great deal smaller than it appears in the advertising photographs, even when you realize that it is only a model. Those enormous skyscrapers are in reality not more than ten inches high, and the people (of whom there are 90,000 on the model) are about one-sixteenth of an inch tall. The illusion of depth and distance is the result of masterful photography. To create the hazy atmosphere of the background, the room in the J. Walter Thompson office in New York City, where the model is on exhibit, was filled with smoke from a mess of smudge pots.

The Geddes design is really concerned with the traffic of the future city; the skyscrapers and the lakes and the sports arena are more or less thrown in to create a traffic problem which Mr. Geddes and his advisers (including Dr. Miller McClintock of Harvard's Erskine Bureau of Traffic Research) have gone ahead and solved, using only known techniques and materials in so doing. In the business center of Metropolis traffic moves along at fifty miles an hour on a grid of one-way express highways. This grid is fed by acceleration ramps, long enough for an automobile to pick up to fifty from a

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standstill before entering the express highways, and these ramps connect in turn with the 0-to-20-mile-an-hour streets on a second and lower level where the automobiles load and unload passengers and freight. Every building on the model has its own landing stage, recessed on this lower street level. Pedestrians are never allowed on the streets. They move along on a maze of their own sidewalks, which tunnel under or bridge over street intersections instead of crossing them. If the administration of New York City could start all over again from scratch and build a new metropolis according to the pattern of the Geddes model, it is estimated that five times as much vehicular traffic could be handled, and that traffic would move, on the average, about five times as fast as it does today.

A good measure of whimsy has been included in the building of Metropolis, although not so much as Mr. Geddes would have liked, had construction costs not been prohibitive (just what the model did cost, anyway, is the secret of Mr. Geddes and the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency). For example, the Woolworth Building is included, off in one corner, looking pitifully small in comparison to the enormous skyscraper that looms up beside and above it a couple of blocks away. Nôtre Dame de Paris is there, too, and in one of the public parks Brancusi's "Bird in Flight," suddenly enlarged to a height of about eighty feet. In the public swimming pool, not far from the Woolworth Building, the swimmers and waders (who are pinhead size to begin with) get shorter at the "deep" end of the tank to indicate its sloping bottom. When the problem was originally presented to Mr. Geddes, he was all for having the buildings molded out of some sort of transparent plastic and equipping them with workable window shades so that night scenes in Metropolis could be photographed. His collaborators, who had to do the actual building job, talked him out of it.

If you get a chance to see the model, don't be disappointed in the very first minute or so, because it takes a lot of studious scrutiny to pick out the finer points. Real minutiae lovers, within a few minutes, will probably be down on their hands and knees, as I was, crawling along Riverside Drive to get the effect of a madcap, hundred-mile-an-hour trip downtown. You may get a chance to see the model at the New York City World's Fair, because there are vague plans abroad to present the Geddes traffic-problem solution there in the graphic form of a series of models of this sort, or perhaps even with moving vehicles.

Even now the designs for highway construction in suburban and rural areas are worth seeing, on the big white charts hung along the walls of the advertising agency's lecture room. Automobile speed outside metropolitan areas on the through, express highways is 100 miles an hour, even across rivers and mountains on multiple-level bridges and through express tunnels. The highways are illuminated by lights set into the four-foot fences that border them and shield the light source from the driver's eyes (headlights, an important accident source, are of course out for super-highway travel). These fences serve an additional purpose. Their construction is such that a car, traveling at 100 miles an hour, may hit them at as acute an angle as thirty degrees and, instead of turning over or smashing up, be directed back into the stream of traffic. It isn't black magic at all; the fence is simply in the shape of a wave, breaking in upon the road surface, and as the runaway car climbs up toward the under side of the wave's crest its wheels are deflected back on the straight and narrow path.

In Metropolis there is no longer any chance to excuse yourself to the traffic officer on the grounds that you didn't see the red light. Traffic towers and suspended lights are obsolete and in their place each automobile is equipped with a panel of radio-controlled stop-and-go lights set into its dashboard; lights that go on and off with unmistakable clarity right there under your nose. These lights have a new importance, despite the fact that most of the traffic is in one direction, without intersections that require lights. Movement from lane to lane is light-controlled and regulated on very much the same principle that is used on the railroads today—the block system. For example, if you are crawling along in the seventy-mile-an-hour lane and feel you will never get anywhere at this snail's pace, you turn into one of the acceleration lanes that lead into the 100-mile-an-hour traffic. There, if the traffic forms a solid line, you will get a red stop light on your dashboard. But when there is an open space your light flashes green and you zoom ahead, confident in the knowledge that the acceleration ramp is just the right length to bring you up to the proper speed at the proper time.

Well, it is a truly remarkable model and it undoubtedly represents the best thought that has been put upon the solution of the traffic problem, but it does leave a little room for anxious speculation. In the first place, the planning and the coöperative effort that will have to go into the development of Metropolis in the next twenty-five years can hardly be brought about without city planning. City planning is an impossibility without regional planning, regional planning can only be effective when accompanied by national planning, and of course internationalism is the next step. Surely the J. Walter Thompson agency is surprised to find itself like this, plunking for the Revolution and the triumph of Light and Reason. And in the second place it seems to us that the super-highways are going to require a tremendous amount of purposefulness from the drivers of the future. There will be no place for sudden, spontaneous decisions to stop for a hamburger or a hitch-hiker. There will certainly be no place for the lady we saw the other day who, with miraculous immunity, was backing through the clover-leaf that marks the intersection of Routes One and Twenty-nine on the Jersey Meadows.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

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Washington Notes

F. D. R. Takes a Run-Out Powder on the Black Sheep—Hoist by His Own Petard—Trade Figures on the Sino-Japanese War

THERE are two aspects to the Black case. The first is the moral aspect. Since March, 1933, Hugo Lafayette Black has been one of the Big Swords among the New Dealers; hardly anyone has slain so many dragons of economic royalism as he has. Is it morally just that he should now be sewn in a canvas sack and pitched from the temple roof, all because of a sin committed eleven years ago? Second, there is the question of political expediency. Last week's disclosure of Mr. Black's relationship to the Klan was admittedly a minor disaster for liberalism. But is it better to run away from disaster—as Mr. Roosevelt seems to be trying to do—or to stand up and face it?

Let us begin with the moral problem. Just what is Mr. Black's crime? Last week at a White House press conference, Mr. Roosevelt said he had received no information about Mr. Black's connection with the Klan before he sent his name to the Senate. What are we to think of this statement? Certainly Mr. Roosevelt did not know that on September 2, 1926, in the Birmingham Klorero, Grand Dragon Esdale presented Mr. Black with a gold passport to the Klan realms before a packed audience of Titans, Cyclops, Kludds, Kladds, Kleagles, Klaliffs and Kleepers, and that a professional court stenographer made and preserved a full transcript of the proceedings. But it is hard to believe that Mr. Roosevelt did not know that Mr. Black, in 1926, was the Klan candidate for Senator in Alabama. At the time, Mr. Black's election was reported as a great Klan victory by every metropolitan newspaper in the country. Among others who wrote the story was Mr. Charles Michelson, then Washington correspondent of The (New York) World, and now Mr. Roosevelt's press adviser.

The conclusion is very nearly inescapable that, in Mr. Roosevelt's eyes, the crime committed by Mr. Black was not that of accepting Klan support in 1926, but in getting caught at it. Mr. Black failed to have the evidence of his affiliation with the Klan abstracted from the Klan's files, and destroyed. He was careless enough to leave documents in existence that, last week, permitted Mr. Paul Block, publisher of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and one of Mr. Roosevelt's bitterest enemies, to score a newspaper coup at the New Deal's expense. That is Mr. Black's sin.

This department has never been among Mr. Black's partisans. In its opinion, he has too often shown the soul of a headquarters detective, and it does not believe that a cop, no matter how honest or zealous, is ever a liberal. Put in other words, Mr. Black has never seemed to possess the human warmth and understanding of men like Senators Norris, La Follette and Schwellenbach. But this is beside the point. The fact is that Mr. Black was unreservedly admitted to the company of the New Dealers. He led the merchant-marine and air-mail investigations; in the utility-holding-company fight in 1935, he almost single-handedly saved the administration from defeat. In the last session, he drove the wages-and-hours bill through the Senate at great risk to his own political neck. His sponsorship of the bill aroused violent hostility among Alabama employers, and had he remained in the Senate and run for reëlection next year, they would have made a determined effort to defeat him, and might have succeeded.

Five weeks ago, when Mr. Black was nominated for the Supreme Court, the Senate was in full revolt against Mr. Roosevelt's leadership. It is by no means certain that any other New Dealer could have been confirmed. Because Mr. Black was both a Senator and a Southerner, the reactionaries of the Democratic Party had to accept him. On the day of Mr. Black's nomination, Mr. Roosevelt's elation was evident. By every sign, he appeared to feel that he was playing a supremely smart trick on his congressional opponents.

Now the trick seems to have turned sour. Obviously a President is not bound to defend a subordinate who is discovered in wrongdoing, nor should he be. But Mr. Black's dealings with the Klan occurred eleven years ago, and there is a generally recognized moral statute of limitations that runs against the errors of a man's early career. This department thinks that Mr. Roosevelt, in his press conference last week, might have pointed this out, and recalled Mr. Black's courageous devotion to the New Deal since March, 1933. If you have a friend and have fought beside him for five and a half years and learned to know him through and through, and if a stranger comes past and makes accusations about his previous life, what are you to do? It seems to me you are bound to stand by your comrade.

This department also doubts whether Mr. Roosevelt, by his implicit repudiation of Mr. Black last week, brought practical political advantage to himself or the cause of liberalism. To have the New Deal's first nominee to the Supreme Court revealed as the buddy of a Grand Dragon is exquisitely embarrassing, but it is questionable if Mr. Roosevelt has helped matters by imitating Scamper, the White House rabbit. The majority of plain voters know that not only Mr. Black, but a good half of the Democratic Party, conducted flirtations with the Klan in 1924-26, and also know that the Klan since then has been as dead as the pterodactyl. If Mr. Roosevelt had trusted the country's good sense and kept a stiff upper lip, it is at least possible that the newspaper excitement would have died away as suddenly as it arose.

Officials deny that the Sino-Japanese conflict has yet started a war boomlet in the United States. They say that the Department of Commerce figures on exports to the Orient for August, to be released next week, will show no marked increase over the earlier months of this year. However, it must be kept in mind that Japan, since the beginning of 1937, has been buying war materials here. Statistics on exports to Japan from January to July, 1937, show an increase of $73,476,000 over the same period of 1936. More than half of this new trade was gained in three commodities: raw cotton, which increased by $17,115,000; iron, steel and tin scrap, which increased by $20,224,000; copper and copper scrap, which increased by $6,228,000.

Officials agree, moreover, that the Department of Commerce figures fail to reveal the full extent of American oil shipments to the Orient, since many of these shipments are made from Venezuela and the Persian Gulf and thus do not appear in the Commerce Department totals.

They also agree that the present interval is not a fair

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test of the potentialities of a war trade with China and Japan. The Chinese business and governmental world has been temporarily paralyzed by the assault on Shanghai; Japan has been paralyzed by the new military control of its economic life. Meantime, there is no doubt that purchases of actual munitions by both countries are leaping upwards. State Department licenses during August for arms exports to China were $1,207,252.90; to Japan, $296,435.07.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Assorted Risk-Bearers, Some With Money, Some With Skins—Landis Leaves Security Speculation As He Found It—Taxes Again

WE HAVE had a lecture or two this month on the great function of risk-bearing in the capitalist society. It seems that the motor section of the capitalist machine is made up of those who are willing to take risks—with their money, of course.

The lectures have been opportune, for at this very moment another phase of this dynamic risk-bearing reveals itself. Trade must go forward. Even though the seas are alive with anointed pirates, trade must go forward. Even though Japan and China may be shooting up foreign craft penetrating their battle lines, the world's trade must be kept moving. And here is where the hardy risk-bearer comes in. His precious ship and its cargo may be sent scuttling any minute, so he adds another 50 or 100 or 200 percent to the price of his cargo. That's for the risk.

But just at this point, for some unknown reason, another risk-bearer pops up. In the past he has been supposed to take his risks as a matter of course for a few dollars a week and the delicate repasts of the sailors' mess. The seaman—who is quite as essential to a ship as the mortgage on its bottom—pops up and announces that he, too, is a risk-bearer; that, as far as he can see, he is liable to be torpedoed any moment and that he would like to see a little extra cash to pay him for the gamble. In fact this naïve idea got into his head upon the high seas, aboard the S.S. "Wichita," owned, singularly, by the United States government and rented out to a hardy risk-bearer. The sailors made it known that they considered themselves in a rather shaky sort of crap game and that they wanted $250 bonus to compensate them for the possible loss of the rest of their lives.

It was at this point that the President of the United States declared that no vessels belonging to our "neutral" government would be permitted to carry arms to either China or Japan. Seems a pretty drastic treatment of two countries which are profoundly at peace with each other.

But this leaves another well known risk-bearer to be considered. This is that young, healthy sap who is at this moment running the risk, without knowing it, of being dragged into an army in order that trade may move along its accustomed paths for the benefit of his brother risk-bearers who have goods to sell.

It seems there are in China, as in other places, a number of persons who were there to make money. They might have made some money here within our own police lines, but they chose China because they felt they could make more there. That's perfectly all right with me and I haven't had a single provincial twinge because they have been plying their talents under a foreign flag. They too are risk-bearers. They take a chance of losing their investment, their shirts and the contents thereof. That risk-bearing entitles them to ask more of fortune and the customers. But now the risks they were supposed to be bearing are putting in an appearance. These are the very risks which they were supposed to assume. These are the risks they have been paid to carry. Upon what theory should those risks now be transferred to the shoulders of several hundred thousand or several million young Americans in an army, which is one place where a man is not paid for risk-bearing?

As James Landis leaves the SEC for Harvard, he and Mr. Gay, Stock Exchange president, bandy mild arguments about the economic significance of certain SEC regulations. The paragraphic debate puts a brilliant spotlight on what is the most damning—and most singular—of the shortcomings of Mr. Landis' two-year regime as chairman of the Commission. He is supposed to have been a brain-truster. He is a professor. He is described by some of his mates as a philosopher and student. This being so, would you not suppose that his consuming appetite on entering the Commission might have been to clear up the confusions and general ignorance about security speculation?

I spoke with Mr. Landis before he left the Federal Trade Commission and it was perfectly obvious that then he knew utterly nothing about the subject. He is not to be criticized for this. He had never been much concerned with it. It was more or less outside his sphere of research.

When he assumed the chairmanship of the SEC, he was called to direct a regulation of stock markets. Immediately many questions arose. Is speculation useful? Is it harmful? If useful, to what extent is it useful? Does sound regulation of security markets mean the elimination of speculation? Or reducing it to a minimum? Or merely reducing it a little? Does security speculation play any important part in financing industry? What should be the function of the brokers on the Exchange and to what extent should the Exchange itself be entrusted with its own regulation? Should floor traders and specialists be allowed to participate in Exchange control? Mr. Landis has done absolutely nothing to clear up any of these questions. On the contrary he has discouraged them.

The subject of taxes has suddenly flared up in the public prints. And it is high time. It would be impossible to invent a more unjust system of taxes than that which oppresses the man of small income in America. Plainly now the agitation about taxes will go forward on a rising scale. But the clamor will come from two camps. Corporations and people of large means will utilize the agitation to attack the corporation-surplus tax and to get rid of the capital-gains tax. But progressive groups interested in a wise system of taxes designed to meet the cost of government and at the same time achieve the maximum social effect ought not to permit the movement to pass from their hands into the hands of the reactionaries. The most imperative course for progressives is to meet, formulate a wise, carefully studied and worked-out tax bill and then press it for adoption when Congress resumes.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Bandits in a Landscape

II

WHILE the memory of perfection in Michelangelo and Raphael still ruled, there appeared in Rome a young man with coarse, heavy features, black beard and a mass of black hair, who walked the streets in velvet or rich brocade studiously and fantastically worn and torn to rags. People heard of his cluttered studio, of his shutting out the daylight and painting by a lamp for the sake of violent shadows and strong relief. They saw him with his companions, some of them from the worst of gangs; the types he painted were from the street mobs. The youthful St. John he chose from a young Roman guttersnipe; for the martyrdom there was only a scared, stupid old man to be St. Peter. But the foreshortening could be wonderful, the outrageous audacity beyond precedent; and plenty of people who knew about painting saw that here was a genius.

This young man was Caravaggio, called that after his native village in Lombardy. He had been told on coming to Rome that he must model his style on the celebrated works of Phidias, and follow Raphael and the Ancients. Caravaggio listened to connoisseurs and made up his mind. He would show them what he would do to these high worthies; he would mock the whole business; he would knock everybody down with his willful brutality—enough in itself to serve him as a principle—and he knew he had the genius to express his thought, his defiance and his passionate tumult. He was partly right. Rome could not overlook an art so original and so untamed, and many spoke of him as the first painter of the day, creating out of experiences and savage reflections that the artists he succeeded had never known.

It was all rashly thrown away. By 1605, when Caravaggio was only thirty-six, the patrons had deserted him. In the face of those accumulating scandals and outrages he was impossible. And so having broken the windows of the landlady who was holding his things for the rent, tried to kill a tavern waiter and stabbed a man in the Piazza Navona, he cut out to Genoa for a while. In Rome again and in another scandal, this time with a dead man in it, Caravaggio was banished and went to Naples, where the cutthroat artists around Belisario Corenzio and Ribera were most courteous in their reception. Shortly afterward he was in Malta, high in favor, doing the portrait of the Grand Master of the Order of St. John. It was followed with a magnificent order to cover a wall of the new cathedral. Gifts rained down on him, gold ornaments, Turkish slaves, and then everything was wrecked by a brawl with a knight of the Order. Prison, escape in a small boat from the island, then Sicily, working to repair his fortunes, fearing revenge, then Naples again, a riot in a tavern, and setting out in a felucca for Rome. The felucca having been blown out of its course, Caravaggio was arrested by Spanish soldiers, who with good reason took this wild, terrified man to be the criminal they were watching for. When they found their mistake and released him, Caravaggio stumbled out along the hopeless shore, trying to sight the boat with his belongings and his chance for safety. All day he tramped in the hot sun, and that night the fever of the place seized him and he died. He was forty years old.

Mr. Gaunt,[1] with a very minimum of narrative, gets into a few pages a superb impression and perspective of this man who "was born" as Poussin said—and who more characteristically could have said it?—"for the destruction of painting." Caravaggio was, as the author says, the primitive of emotional art, of that pregnant darkness and realism tinctured with strangeness that was to find its way through divers channels—the most notable of which are Rembrandt's tragic masterpieces—into the stream of modern art.

Salvator Rosa when he was sixteen set out for Calabria with nothing but his sketchbook of primed paper to wander among the banditti there and their solitary country, with its immense and inexhaustible scenery, its decay, its antique ruins. That was a daring thing and, in those days especially, original to do. He had studied a little, and had felt early the influence of Ribera, who in turn had been influenced by Caravaggio.

And now there was this influence, that country and those brigands among whom were to be found large numbers of the "unscrupulous, the heroic and the discontented" who had fled society and the conditions of the time. Such a fact would once have been known, and a great deal else was known, of Salvator Rosa by almost any art lover anywhere, until his tremendous reputation and vogue came in the course of the nineteenth century to an abrupt stop. The age of delicacy was not looking for this richness, extravagance, horror, violence and poetic tragedy in art, and when Ruskin called Salvator "bestial" he expressed and pinned down, no doubt, the complete recoil. Many of Mr. Gaunt's facts, therefore, which once would have been superfluous are now most necessary. His analysis and placement of Salvator Rosa are the best I know of. He has seen remarkably the relation of this artist to his century, and of that seventeenth century in art to nineteenth-century art and to some of the discernments in modern art; and has made a contribution to the whole subject of the artist's temperament and the romantic spirit. His Salvator "was not a ruffian, but he provided ruffianism with a conscience. He ascended from brutality to pessimism, and was the critic of society as well as its foe." With a brilliant array of talents, a certain real genius, a superb egotism, he rose above a world ruled by every sort of wrong. And so there were the witticisms, the satirical poems, the music, the acting, the paintings of every type of mood and subject—not the least those many moody and often beautiful faces of himself that he set down—the rebellious theories, the rages and so forth that Rome had to swallow. He lived on there, "bitter and well-to-do," until his death in 1673, at fifty-eight.

By the happiest insight on the author's part, Salvator Rosa is followed by Claude Lorrain. The contrast is struck at once between a turbulent and a gentle spirit, an insecure arrogance and an assured humility; and yet this violent poet and scourge of men and this tender dreamer have in common the love of freedom, which essentially is the key to the painting of each.

Alessandro Magnasco coming later (*c.* 1680-1749) had the eyes and the humor for the world around him. The Century of Doubt was taking shape, but it was "still shadowed by the discipline of fanaticism"; and Italy was of all places the place "to observe the decay of institutions." Mr.

[1] Bandits in a Landscape, by W. Gaunt. New York: The Studio Publications, Inc. 192 pages. $2.50.

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Gaunt expresses all of Magnasco's temper on one side when he speaks of the picture of the woodcutters at their task, sawing, planing, "with febrile movements quite beyond its urgency." He does justice to Magnasco's special sort of originality, also, and to the special baroque character of his technique, though not quite to its frequent delightfulness *per se*. He falls short, in my opinion, in pointing out the remarkable amount of what is purely beautiful in some of Magnasco's painting.

Guardi—a treatment much less successful—follows Magnasco; an excellent study of Joseph Vernet and the picturesque; a good note on Richard Wilson, the English painter; and a series of other painters on to Géricault and Delacroix, both admirable notes, especially that on Géricault, who died young, but if he had lived "might have shown how the artist could combine a fiercely dramatic perception of life with the calm and unimpassioned mechanics of the studio." STARK YOUNG.

The Breath of Life

IN THE recent group of pictures brought into the little houses, there is one more that deserves a report here, the Soviet "Baltic Deputy." There is a power of truth in it, and it is in its way a beautiful thing. The revolution this time is only background for skirmishes and dangers on the field of scientific thought—some testy old coot of a professor, creaking around in his library and lecture halls with as young a fighting heart as the best of them. The story is based on a case in history, but the documents seem to have been pretty sparse so far as the thought content and narrative qualities are concerned. The man of thought publishes his book; sways the militant ranks with the idea that he is merely an extension of their advancing line, fighting their identical battle on the front of natural science; loses the respect and friendship of his rightful class; and is elected a political deputy by the Baltic sailors.

This, of course, is another case where the visual arts get into the difficulty of having thought processes for protagonists. But here, instead of even trying to symbolize the mental conflict, they cover up with attitudes fundamentally apart from it. The scientist's whole function is represented by no more than pledges of allegiance and a couple of library sets: what he was doing we have no better idea than the sailor had in all his gruff, charming naïveté, clearing the path with loyalty and fierce awe and drowning out all question or challenge with thunder: "Nichevo! He talked with Newton"; and even the printed congratulation from Lenin, on the completed masterwork in natural science, is no help: "I liked your remarks about the bourgeoisie." The wife, the nervous pupil-assistant, the chunky sailor in charge provide the incidents; the continuity as written and filmed by the two directors has neither shape nor pace; it just happens.

But the slow miracle of the life in its happening is what counts here, as is often the case with films made in this tradition. The miracle seems to bemuse us, and even the sternest of us will sometimes say: It was very real and good, therefore a good job of picture making, cinema indeed. So sometimes it is worth a little carping analysis to demonstrate that while you can knock these things into a cocked hat but can't stop them from living, the reason for this lies in a national genius for acting out and building up the truth of life in all its homeliness of detail and splendor; that the genius would show in any presentational art and that this is precisely why its presence should be no more characteristic of films than of puppetry. And so while this month's two additions to the 200-odd absolutely great Soviet directors probably couldn't hold script for a good producer of average Westerns, there is quite another thing in their traditional knowledge of character and how to let it speak through scenes and sets and camera.

The main thing here is not the story but the shrewd solid masonry in Nikolai Cherkassov's study of the professor, which continues to be a moving principle when the other characters come in to support it and when script and direction contrive such a sequence, both humor and heartbreak, as that where the old boy pits his valiance against the empty chairs of his birthday party. And where the continuity lies inertly in lumps like a hodful of coal, there still comes out this feeling that life is beautiful, all over again, and though we have not known or ever heard of this man who scorned wearing rubbers and made his crotchets the law of the house and did not know what to say in all this smell of sailors' sweat and herrings, and yet said it, softening craggy grandeur with the endearing small grass of human weakness, the figure is committed to our memory more vividly than any history. The greatness to be stated is not thrust upon us, but left to be discovered as we should come upon it in life, standing out of a massed confusion of details by some special immobility or gesture or statement of yes or no.

The foibles and busy purpose of this bent figure with its pinned shawl, gruff kindness, wrath and irony and frosty twinkle, are a magnificent piece of actor's business. But these and all the general creative business worked out within the sequence only serve to surround and support the bigger thing, the actor's sheer conception and will. Both actors and those working with them must see very deep into natural humanity to portray figures so solid. And here the things seen are projected with such authority, craft and simple faith that the portrait itself becomes almost a substitute for drama, that other, connective thing with its tensions and clear gathering progression from cause to consequence. It is still a parable at heart; it is also one of the loveliest samplings of life ever taken by the camera. OTIS FERGUSON.

Anecdote: Lament for Abundance

(For William Carlos Williams)

Bright with white tile, light:
the purple cabbages, white
radishes, artichokes, mushrooms:

the bunched bananas
curved like an open hand, the sign:
THIS STORE ON SATURDAYS IS CLOSED.

A voice: a thrust-up palm:
"Can you spare a dime, eh, Mister?
I'm *really* hungry."

(In an enamel pan, the left
dead fish with staring,
always-open eye.)

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.

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The Bandwagon

The labor question is at root a moral question to be settled by God in His appointed time, the Rev. William H. Rogers said yesterday in his sermon at the First Baptist Church. . . . "God said six days thou shalt work, not five nor seven," Dr. Rogers said.—*From a news item in The New York Herald Tribune.*

It's Loretta and Don . . . together again for the first time since "Love Is News" . . . and they find turbulent wartime Spain the perfect spot for love.—*From an advertisement of the motion picture, "Love Under Fire," published in The New York Times.*

STET!

Builders on Coast proclaim open shop. Recognize the A.F. of L. as sole agent for union workers in Los Angeles. —*From a headline in The New York Times.*

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING FOR?

There are some popular, almost ruling, misconceptions which should be cleared away. Of these the chief is that there is a social and economic system properly described as capitalism. There is no such system.—*President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, quoted in The Chicago Tribune.*

NICE, QUIET CEMETERY ON PREMISES?

One apartment, cheap. Outside the shrapnel area. One auto, free, in return for care until owner can return. One flat, cheap. Observation to detect air bombers. One bungalow. Bargain. American Marines within easy reach. One house cheap. Bombproof cellar.—*From a classified advertisement in a Shanghai newspaper, reprinted in Newsdom.*

TO POLISH UP, FIRST POLISH OFF

A question concerning the future of North China brought a reply from Finance Minister Okinobu Kaya that North China should be made a "bright zone" for Japan, Manchukuo and China, but that what brightness was to be achieved should be left until the present fighting was over.—*From a dispatch to The New York Times.*

WHAT! NO EGREGIOUS?

Adjectives used by reviewers in describing "A Cardinal of the Medici," a novel, by Mrs. Hicks Beach: Absorbing, Arresting, Authentic, Appealing, Accurate, Amazing, Beautiful, Brilliant, Captivating, Colorful, Delightful, Delicate, Dramatic, Distinguished, Engaging, Engrossing, Exciting, Enchanting, Enduring, Effective, Fine, Full-bodied, Fresh, Fascinating, Graphic, Good, Glamorous, Harmonious, Important, Impressive, Illuminating, Intimate, Invaluable, J (a Joy), Kaleidoscopic, Living, Limpid, Lovely, Languorous, Lusty, Moving, Monumental, Masterful, Notable, Outstanding, Opulent, Poignant, Penetrating, Picturesque, Pulsating, Quiet, Rich, Rare, Recommended, Sensitive, Spirited, Stimulating, Skillful, Sympathetic, Stately, Splendid, Turbulent, Thoughtful, Tremendous, Unforgettable, Unusual, Uncommon, Vibrant, Valuable, Vivid, Well Rounded, Wise, Well Documented, eXquisite.—*From a press release of the Macmillan Company.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Who's to Blame for Hollywood?

SIR: I hesitate to break a lance with Dwight MacDonald over his letter in your issue of September 8 because I admire him so passionately for his articles on Time and Fortune which ran in The Nation some while ago. But whereas those articles were based on knowledge, I feel that his comments on Hollywood and Mr. Goldwyn arise from prejudice rather than knowledge. . . .

Mr. MacDonald says movies stink because the producers have stinking taste and don't know how to make any other kind. Mr. MacDonald says the friends of the producers say the producers make stinking movies because the masses want that kind. Both statements are wrong. I know very few producers personally—but I know dozens of writers who work for them. These writers are intelligent, alert fellows. . . . The producers picked these writers because the producers are smart enough to want these writers.

Why don't these producers and writers prepare scripts which Mr. MacDonald will like? Because they don't know how? No, because they are not permitted to. The Catholic Church and its affiliate organizations, Wall Street and a few less important groups actually write the movies. They don't sit down and write the scripts, but their representatives in the Hays office and in the studios reject scripts, alter scripts, etc. . . .

The Hays office is Hollywood's diplomatic outfit. The Hays office consults with the Church on practically every picture—and surrenders every time. It once defied the Church. Do you remember when the Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia led picket lines outside Philadelphia theatres because the movie producers had attempted to defy God's Vicar on earth? If you owned a theatre and didn't want to go bankrupt, Mr. MacDonald, when God's Vicar on earth pickets you, you'll make the junk he wants you to make or go out of business.

The cost of movies is so great that foreign distribution or foreign boycott is an important item. France objected to Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory." Whose taste halted that? Mr. Goldwyn's, Mr. Zukor's, the American masses—or the French General Staff's? Germany objected to parts of "The Road Back"—they were changed. Whose taste halted that? Mr. Goldwyn's or Mr. Hitler's?

A studio bought "Elmer Gantry." It was never made. Who stopped it? Mr. Zukor? A studio bought "It Can't Happen Here." Who stopped it? Nobody knows for sure. Some people think it was the Chase Bank, which owns the studio in question. The Hays office implied it was the threat of a foreign boycott. A competent journalist like Mr. MacDonald could write an article on this one act of censorship alone.

Father Daly, head of the Legion of Decency, a Catholic organization, is a rabid partisan of Franco. Daly is in constant touch with the Hays office. Daly is part of Cardinal Hayes's brain trust. Do you think Daly will let a script go by that is favorable to the Loyalists of Spain? Do you think Daly will let a script go by in which divorce or birth control or child labor is treated in a way that would offend the Church? . . .

If you want to do something about the terrible pictures that are being made, the inconsequential musicals, the fantastic compromised

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stories of human relations, of political and economic relations, you had better dig in and fight the forces that dictate that kind of stuff. I suggest as a starter you investigate the Hays office, the Legion of Decency, the International Catholic Alumnae and the various other groups who dictate to the producers, and give us a couple of articles on them. . . .

Hollywood, Calif. A HOLLYWOOD WORKER.

They're in New Jersey Now

SIR: Women readers of The New Republic may be interested to learn that the New Jersey League of Women Shoppers is now functioning actively in that state. The League is an organization of consumers interested in the labor standards affecting the goods and services they buy. Women shoppers, organized for collective action against unfair and illegal labor practices, bring results. There is a place in this organization for all women who wish to do progressive and effective work against reactionary employers of labor. Even those who cannot be active are urged to join and learn to use their buying power for justice. The League, which has offices at 40 Clinton Street, Newark, will be glad to furnish descriptive material to interested women.

RUTH BERTHOLD, Secretary,

Newark, N. J. New Jersey League of Women Shoppers.

De Madariaga Answers His Critics

SIR: Thanks to your good offices, though much delayed by the circuitous road they had to take, the letters published in your issue of July 28 with reference to mine, reach me today. The unusual character of Mr. Hanighen's, and particularly the personal tone of its second paragraph, and the almost quite irrelevant nature of Miss Lloyd's and of Miss Wynner's might have induced me to spare your space. You may, however, be willing to grant me some of it for a few comments.

Mr. Hanighen describes me, with some detail, as having "constantly turned the minds of American citizens against the struggling Spanish democracy." He can only do so either by hearsay or by a gross misrepresentation of what I may have said in strictly private gatherings, in which case he certainly has broken the undertaking definitely taken in them not to publish any references to them.

My policy during my last lecturing tour in the United States was obvious. Having fought unremittingly, publicly and privately, to prevent the civil war, I came, from the outset, to the conclusion that the only way I could serve my country, while it lasted, was to help to bring the war to an end. This implied taking no part in it, direct or indirect. I could not therefore accept to speak in public about it without being drawn into the vortex of it in its most despicable form—that of mere words. Even in private, I did my best to resist the pressure of those who wished to know my opinion, precisely because I guessed that some day a color-blind mind such as Mr. Hanighen's would misunderstand me, hopelessly distort what I had said and rush into print.

If I had wanted to help Franco and fascism, as Mr. Hanighen seems to think, would I have turned down the stream of requests for lectures on the Spanish war which I received? Would I be lecturing at all instead of doing diplomatic work for General Franco? Would I be writing this letter?

I may be, of course, quite wrong in keeping equally distant from both sides as to the origins, the meaning, the way to carry on the struggle and the outcome of this war. But I would beg to point out that:

1. I know more about Spain than most of my critics;
2. I have served her disinterestedly;
3. I have published my views on Spain, on democracy and on fascism in two books, current in America, on which I have not one comma to change.

If, under these circumstances, I am unable to agree on the issue with some of my critics, they might perhaps pause to wonder whether there are not more things to it than are dreamt of in their philosophy.

I may add, before I have done with Mr. Hanighen, that if, as I am afraid is the case, he meant to be unpleasant in the half-hearted innuendo of his second paragraph, his attempt is mere child's play compared with the cartloads of abuse which I receive now and then from the press of nationalist Spain.

As for the two ladies, may I point out to them that, if mediation occurred to them, who are Americans, it can hardly have failed to occur to me, who am a Spaniard. I will leave it at that.

The points raised by your correspondents about the World Foundation, a scheme towards which a group of people have been working for over eight years, are irrelevant and I will not touch upon them.

Vaud, Switzerland. S. DE MADARIAGA.

From The New Republic Mailbag

War scares throughout the world stir Frank D. Slocum, of New York City, to send us a plea that America form her own foreign policy and not be merely a tail to the British kite. The reaction of C. C. Warren, of Washington, D. C., is that America now has what is—at least in Mr. Warren's eyes—a laudable and justified sympathy for China but he warns that a propaganda machine is already starting to swing the country to a pro-Japanese attitude. Grenville T. Chapman, of El Paso, Texas, says peace and isolation may be pleasant things for America to contemplate, but for its own ultimate good this country should coöperate with Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union in a common front against fascist aggression which alone can prevent war. Much the same sentiment is expressed by A. Garcia Diaz, of New York City, who says now is the time for democratic nations to make an open declaration against fascism.

M. L. Holbrook, of Portland, Oregon, chides us for the criticisms of Roosevelt in T. R. B.'s Washington columns of September 8 and 15, and Charles W. Flaig, of Richmond, Indiana, also disapproves of those sentiments, as well as of an editorial paragraph in our issue of September 8 commenting on the convention of the Young Democrats in Indianapolis. Both writers seem to feel that the President should receive our unqualified support.

Scholastic, the national high-school weekly, whose editorial offices are at 250 East Forty-third Street, New York City, sends us a copy of the first issue of its new magazine, Junior Scholastic. The new publication is designed for students in the upper elementary and junior high-school grades. It is brightly illustrated, carries both informative and entertainment features, and continues the progressive outlook, both in the political and educational sense, of the parent magazine.

The Labor Defender, official organ of the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, writes that it is preparing a special memorial issue dedicated to Sacco and Vanzetti and would like to hear from persons who have documents, leaflets, photographs or other material that might be used in such an issue.

What's on the Air?

Members of the faculty of the University of Chicago engage in their regular weekly round-table discussion of topics of current interest. Sunday, September 26, 12:30 to 1 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

General Hugh S. Johnson begins his career as a radio commentator on news events and personalities. Thursday, September 30, 8 to 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network. Other recent additions to the ranks of news commentators are Lewis Browne, author of "This Believing World" and other books, who is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System each Thursday at 7:30 P.M.; and Dorothy Thompson, author and columnist, whose broadcasts are on the NBC-Red Network each Friday from 10:45 to 11 P.M.

Ceremonies at the inauguration of Dr. Levering Tyson as president of Muhlenberg College, including Dr. Tyson's inaugural address, are broadcast Saturday, October 2, 11 A.M. to 12 noon, NBC-Blue Network.

Musical events of the week include the Manuel and Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble in a "Past Masters" program, Tuesday, September 28, 10:30 to 11 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and John Charles Thomas, baritone, as soloist with an orchestra directed by André Kostelanetz, Wednesday, September 29, 9 P.M., CBS.

Times up to September 26, inclusive, are Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and after that, Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Mr. Lippmann's Heresy Hunt

THE Good Society"[1] is a brilliant defense of law and order and rational consent. Do not read any irony into this statement. Faced with the disorder and lawlessness and irrationality of the fascist and totalitarian states, most men of good will will feel a new respect for these elementary conditions of a free society; and they will thank Mr. Walter Lippmann for making some of their common assumptions more explicit. If in what follows I do not do justice to Mr. Lippmann's noble anti-fascist arguments, it is only because he has chosen to validate the principles of human freedom by confusing them with the operations of a free market, and because he brands as fatuity and error, leading straight to dictatorship, almost every species of modern collectivism.

Modern society, according to Mr. Lippmann, has since 1870 been gradually succumbing to a "heresy"; its chief manifestation is disbelief in the operation of the free market, as it was built up through the division of labor and worldwide trade and the machine technology. Instead of seeking to widen the realm of individual liberty and law, mankind has taken the path of compulsion and collective control. Long ago Herbert Spencer characterized this prospect as the Coming Slavery; a generation ago Mr. Hilaire Belloc described its result as the Servile State; today, it so completely holds men's minds that Mr. Lippmann hopefully suspects that the tide has begun to ebb.

As a positive doctrine, this collectivist heresy rests upon the belief in the possibility of applying collective knowledge, collective planning and collective action to the relief of man's estate. But the social and economic process, says Mr. Lippmann, is too complicated to submit to the ordinances of men: planners cannot survey life in its entirety or direct the million separate activities of industry to a social end. A Higher Providence rules human affairs: this deity was discovered in the eighteenth century and its name is the Free Market. "The market is the only possible method by which labor that has been analyzed into separate specialties can be synthesized into useful work." This is Mr. Lippmann's prime dogma. He never critically examines it.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Lippmann's thesis that its main prop is such a weak one, and that it rests on such a limited and inadequate reading of economic history. The international division of labor is not a discovery of modern times. In the woolen industry, for example, it existed as early as the thirteenth century: English wool found its way into the textile plants of the Low Countries, even of Florence, and eventually might turn up as cloth in a Prussian frontier town, in exchange for hides and honey produced by the settlers of far Pomerania. Where the medieval conception of trade differed from that of the Manchester economist was in the rational assumption that international trade should be trade in surpluses or highly specialized regional commodities—like Burgundy wine, Lübeck marzipan, Toledo steel.

The Manchester doctrine of worldwise trade based on one-sided regional specialization was a by-product of England's momentary leadership in the paleotechnic revolution. After the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the collective processes of scientific research and technical improvement began to diffuse machine industry throughout the planet. To exchange identical standard products among different regions is like having the families in a village take in one another's washing: though they exchanged their services for cash and worked up a brisk business, the village would be poorer, not richer, for every extra transaction. Good shoes are produced today in St. Louis as well as in Lynn: cheap ones are produced in Czechoslovakia no less than New York State. Hence the present need for regional stabilization, based upon a varied and regionally balanced scheme of production, with a market not subject to sudden dislocation through forces operating beyond vision, knowledge or control.

In sum: the universal worldwide market in *all* commodities, which Mr. Lippmann looks upon as a necessary condition of sound technical progress, has been nullified by the very advance of modern technics. The world market is still important as a means of equalization: it is no longer the key to economy in every phase of production.

The modern "heresy" of collectivism antedated this fact, however; and a less disingenuous interpreter than Mr. Lippmann might perhaps have discovered that the change was due to internal weaknesses in the operation of the free market itself. (Mr. Lippmann honestly calls attention to the extraneous privileges and inequities which the laissez-faire economists accepted so complacently; but he pays no attention to the inherent weaknesses of this regime.) Item: capitalism did not produce first things first: it multiplied the quantity of hardware and brummagem, perhaps, but at the same time produced mile upon mile of filthy slums: the best that the free market could afford. Specialized division of labor, with profit as the only criterion of success, ruthlessly looted natural resources, mined the population and left behind devastated regions, incapable of continuous life. Periodic financial crises intensified the normal insecurity of the free laborer and even disrupted the fortunes of the successful. Above all: the belief in private profit-seeking as both the inner spring and the balance wheel of all economic activity, set a premium upon those who were callous to every other human or social consideration. If the profits of the market are the sole source of the good life, why should one not further the good life by cornering the market?

Plainly it was not due to any mysterious change in the intellectual climate that monopoly began to succeed free competition after 1870, or that the problem of social control thrust itself upon the statesman. What was required was not merely a change in law, as Mr. Lippmann suggests, to cut away abuses and privileges and restore competition: what was needed was a change in social motive. By definition, that was beyond the province of the free market. Its motive was to maximize profit. Inevitably that motive must lead from competition to monopolist profiteering.

Mr. Lippmann commits another grave error: he assumes that freedom and justice arose as a product of the free market, since only upon the acceptance of these conditions was worldwide trade possible. If freedom of the market is curtailed, Mr. Lippmann believes that other forms of freedom must be curtailed, too. Happily Mr. Lippmann provides his own refutation of this belief; for he demonstrates acutely, in another section, that freedom from arbitrary authority was purchased by a century-long struggle in England and America: the desire was defined and the reality

[1] An Inquiry into the Principles of the Good Society, by Walter Lippmann. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 432 pages. $3

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partly achieved *before the Free Market was in existence.* This same reckless muddlement characterizes Mr. Lippmann's many attempts to equate planning with dictatorship and to show that planning inevitably brings with it coercion, militarism, poverty, no less than a general loss of liberty. If that were so, Denmark, which collectively promotes, regulates, standardizes and markets its main agricultural products, should be the most belligerent and dictator-ridden and impoverished nation in Europe: far more spectacularly than such newcomers as Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Everyone knows that this is not true: so does Mr. Lippmann: hence he is careful not to mention Denmark as an example of the evils of collectivist regimentation.

Just as the fascists have the habit of saying, Choose between fascism and Russian communism, as if there weren't a dozen other possibilities, so Mr. Lippmann tries to win his argument by pretending that the choice is between militarized collectivism, in which everything is regulated from the top, without the consent or correction of the underlying groups, and a completely planless free economy, in which price and law are the sole means used to apportion the world's productive energies. One might describe Mr. Lippmann's position as negative totalitarianism.

Planning, according to Mr. Lippmann, is absolutely incompatible with technological progress or with democratic processes of government. The refutation of the first notion is simple. If Mr. Lippmann were right, the American telephone industry would be one of the most backward: actually, it is an example of highly refined planning and systematic improvement, pursued at some little sacrifice of the stockholder's claim to a full share of the annual profits. Planned and calculated production, with the unknown factors reduced to a minimum, is in fact a more effective aid to technical efficiency than the uncertain spur of the market.

Mr. Lippmann realizes, indeed, that the whole case against collective planning and socialized production falls down if it can be shown that policies can be framed and mistakes corrected by other means than the arbitrary pronunciamentos of an irresponsible dictator. If policies are subject to criticism before being put into effect, and if success and failure are registered—as now—by the measure of consumer demand, why should there not be an increase in the scope of such governmental units as the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Port of New York Authority and the Public Works Housing Administration? Mr. Lippmann's answer to this is as forthright as it is foolish: a plan that can be changed is not a plan. Out of what subjective depths Mr. Lippmann drew this argument I cannot even imagine. For it is only in Mr. Lipmann's private world that plans, once fixed, must remain forever frozen. Actually, just the opposite is true: a plan that does not contain in itself the means of rectification, from year to year, from lustrum to lustrum, from decade to decade, is a bad plan. Laws, which provide the rules of the game, should be steadfast: but plans, which detail the moves and counter moves, must be flexible.

One leaves "The Good Society" with the reluctant feeling that Mr. Lippmann's confusions and contradictions are so massive as to be intellectually discreditable in a man of his attainments. One is all the more regretful over this fact because, apart from his strange collectivist heresy hunt, Mr. Lippmann has many shrewd comments to make upon the nature of the good society. Were he in a critical mood, rather than a dogmatic one, he could have written a book that would have been a challenge to every advocate of regional and economic and social planning. For social planning is now in the stage in which physical science and mechanical invention were in the seventeenth century. Like the earliest inventors of the steam engine, we have a fairly good notion of what should be done, but only the clumsiest grasp of how to do it. And the path of social invention is obstructed by belated alchemists and perpetual-motion people: those who believe in a "Soviet of Engineers" or who think that the social results of planning can be achieved in a capitalist society by balancing off the privileges of one group against those of another—the sort of planning advocated by high-tariff interests, NRA fanatics, AAA controllers, and the like. We have much to learn—especially in devising the appropriate frames for initiative and control. Rational collective action, whether partial or complete, does not do away with immense problems and acute choices. All that one claims for socialized planning is that it will create humanly more significant problems than "free" capitalism did, and that the direction of its efforts will be, not toward individual profit and power, but toward the service and life of the whole community. LEWIS MUMFORD.

Thurber Perfects Mind Cure

Let Your Mind Alone! and Other More or Less Inspirational Pieces, by James Thurber. New York: Harper and Brothers. 245 pages. $2.50.

THAT SKILLFUL literary man, St. Augustine, has warned that one should never smite an opponent in bad grammar. Applying a loose interpretation, we could translate his wise teaching thus: If a man would carry a discussion through points A, B, C and D, don't let him think he has got anywhere, in the way of cogency, simply by lining up a good argument. For should he have a lisp, or should someone in his audience periodically sneeze in a notable way, or should there be an irrelevant voice echoing from the corridors, our hero is all Achilles' heel. Especially when there is a Thurber about.

In fact, if he should make a statement that requires as many as three sentences, and there is a Thurber about, he is as vulnerable. For Thurber may choose to hear only the first sentence, proceeding joyously and outrageously to build upon it. We generally think of funny men as irrational. But they are as rational as the constructor of a Mother Goose rhyme (who gets to his crooked house via a crooked man, crooked smile, crooked sixpence, crooked stile, crooked cat and crooked mouse). And one thing they learn early is that, if a thought requires three sentences for self-protective presentation, they would be disloyal to their method in hearing out the three. Where three parts are needed, the professional funny man just *knows* that he should stop at part one. His one Marquis of Queensberry rule is: Belts are to hit below.

A Thurber, having singled out part one, will next proceed, with perverse rational efficiency, to ponder this broken part. He will invent "case histories" with which to try it out—and of course, they won't fit.

But a mere bad fit is not enough. The funny man will also seek a situation such that his readers *want* a bad fit. If they are good Catholics, for instance, he knows it will be hard to make them meet him halfway should he decide to play havoc with an encyclical. He will lay off such dynamite, leaving it for the news itself to provide the outrageous incongruities, as when, reporting a Papal blast on communism at the time of Mussolini's triumph in Africa, the dispatch proceeded: "On the subject of Ethiopia, His Holiness was less explicit." On the other hand, readers of The

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New Yorker, in which all but two of the articles in "Let Your Mind Alone!" appeared, are likely to be less problematical when leftward-looking politics is the subject—so we get "What Are the Leftists Saying?" I thought it tearfully lame; but for all I know it may be judged by typical New Yorker readers the most devastating bit of fun since the discovery of the banana peel.

The first ten pieces, which give this volume its title, are a very amusing burlesque of psychoanalysis. The field offers a good opportunity for Thurber's phenomenal gifts. The study of the mind has brought to the fore many paradoxes. A man may *think* he is doing one thing when he is *actually* doing another. This state of affairs outrages common sense—the thought of it makes one uneasy—hence we are glad to meet that man halfway who will expend his jocular enterprise to vindicate the judgments of common sense.

There are pages that make one laugh very hard. One is glad that Thurber does his part to keep the leftward-lookers on their toes. I am even willing to concede him his constitutional right, as funny man, to start too soon, to remain dumm on purpose, dying that others may live—though he tends somewhat to flatter stupidity, making it a kind of accomplishment within reach of all, like getting drunk, as in his soothing challenges of this sort: "I know very little about electricity and I don't want to have it explained to me" (the medicinal effect of such trivializing bravado being necessary, since there are so many things now to know very little about, and we might feel like worms if we didn't have people of Thurber's authority to help mend our humiliation).

His skill at turning little domestic rows into transmogrifications of themselves is picturesque. In such scenes, I believe, the perception of his draughtsmanship is carried over. You see the people in watching the drama. Tight shoes, he says, make one walk "with the gait of a man who is stalking a bird across wet cement." And he hates women "because they throw baseballs . . . with the wrong foot advanced." There's something I had been working on since the eighth grade, and never understood until Thurber brought it clearly into consciousness by his combined skill as draughtsman and verbalizer. (Incidentally, I here select examples that I think are good—but I might illustrate his own method by adding that, were I to employ it here, I should pick out some of the weakest quips in the book and hold them up for rapt admiration.)

His drawings are good *always* for the perception his writing has *sometimes*. But I do wish he'd go after bigger game. He shoots too many cockroaches. To get such heightened value, I'd even be willing to hand him over to the reactionaries. Let him hound the "socially conscious" more consistently, in case he finds their attitude of "uplift" too much for his antinomian perversity. He need not join the author of "Redder Than the Rose." But let him at least make an indirect contribution, in serving to keep the statements of the Left alert (though they could never be alert enough to forestall all possibility of Thurberization). I have just been reading Jacques Barzun's book on theories of racial superiority. I think fondly of what a Thurber might do by examining these documents on crooked thinking and translating them into the idiom of hilarity. But that would be asking too much (at least until his waggish remarks on cocktail parties run out—and he is so ingenious and fertile with them that I doubt whether they ever will run out). So I am willing to have him become our Lord Macaulay of fun-making, a reactionary keeper-thin of the Left. Unction must be made difficult—so let him be the deunctifyer. But as things now stand, he too is purveying a patent medicine. The trivial has its medicinal aspect—but too often he expends his talents to load the trivial with all the traffic can bear.

KENNETH BURKE.

The Dialectics of War

Europe in Arms, by Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 298 pages. $2.50.

WE HAVE here the maturest thought of one of the foremost students of the history and theory of war, applied to a wide range of subjects. The unifying idea is the search for an exit from the existing military impasse, for a solution of the problem of how war can be waged under present conditions without committing national suicide, or destroying the very bases of civilization, or at the very least squandering to no purpose the wealth and life blood of the nation. The treatment is invariably concise, yet comprehensive. The account of the principal armies of Europe does not confine itself to the usual enumeration of men and material in the various services, but subjects their methods and outlooks to searching criticism. To give an idea of the *authority* with which Captain Hart speaks, any fair illustration should suffice.

The submarine and the airplane have given rise to a heated controversy over the respective merits of the fleet and the new weapons. The debate is still going on. But some twelve years ago Captain Hart declared that the dispute was bound to remain barren so long as it moved within the realm of technical values in the abstract. The real question was not which weapon was superior to the other under any and all conditions, but under which concrete strategic conditions one or the other might prove to be the superior. He then suggested that while the power of the fleet might still be supreme in the vast spaces of the oceans, the new weapons would circumscribe its power in the narrow seas around the British Isles, in the Mediterranean, etc. With regard to the Mediterranean, in particular, he pointed out that if in a future war any Mediterranean power was among Britain's enemies, the British fleet in that sea would find it difficult enough to protect itself against submarines and aircraft, let alone protect merchant shipping and army transports, that the Mediterranean would therefore become impassable to British shipping, the Suez Canal would lose most of its value, and imperial communications would have to be diverted round the Cape of Good Hope.

Such was Captain Hart's analysis of a hypothetical situation. Then came the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. Britain's relations with Italy became greatly strained. And what happened? The British fleet retired, for its own safety, to both ends of the Mediterranean, and as every newspaper reader knows, plans were being prepared for shifting Britain's trade routes to the Far East around the Cape. The chapter on the future of the Mediterranean is one of the most brilliant and most instructive in this book.

Again and again the critical reader is fascinated by the reach and solidity of Captain Hart's thought. Thus we are told that "in historical experience, nothing is more upsetting to calculations than the tendency, natural though it be, to consider the problems of war in bits. At every step the bit needs to be related to the whole." (Social reformers might profit by the thought.) Speaking of the establishment by the Russians of their greatest munitions industry in the Ural Mountains, which are safe from foreign attack, Captain Hart points out that in solving the problem of security, the Russians have raised a new problem, that of transportation.

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In war, the Russian armies would be concentrated on the frontiers, remote from the Urals, and there would be an inevitable congestion of the routes of supply. Of the Italian campaign in Ethiopia, he reminds us that it began with the concentration of a great host. "By relying on mass they impeded their own mobility." The supply of such large forces demanded a well developed system of roads. The building of these roads called for a great number of laborers, together with troops to protect them. To feed and maintain these, a great increase in traffic over the new-built roads was required, and the scale of traffic destroyed the roads almost as fast as they were built: "The difficulties were multiplied by the very means taken to overcome them." Similarly, in the Great War on the Western Front, the generals tried to overcome the obstacle of the machine gun by concentrating great masses of artillery: "The method made a short advance possible, but forbade a long one—by ploughing up the ground over which the advance had to be made." It is this dialectical quality of Liddell Hart's thought—his ability to see a problem whole, in all its ramifications, to perceive a problem where others imagine a solution, to project in imagination the indirect and remote effects of a measure, where others see only the immediate results—that distinguishes and raises his work above that of most writers on military affairs. If there is any criticism to be made, it is that Liddell Hart's thought has not been consistently dialectical at those points where military problems merge into the general problems of society. HERMAN SIMPSON.

Sparks in the Tinderbox

Hitler's Drive to the East, by F. Elwyn Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 130 pages. $1.

THE BALKAN states, since their war with the Turks, have almost never been considered, or treated, as equals by the Great Powers. They have served as opportunities for the investment of capital, as sources of commodities, political pledges, strategic backstairs, reservoirs of oil, grain or soldiers, as "a wall against . . .," as corridors or political boiling-pots. Their autonomies have always been "autonomies by the grace of"—whoever invested the most. The states in which everybody took the liberty to do anything gained the reputation of being by nature "comic-opera states," in which all is possible (see B. Shaw, Molnar).

After the failure of the banks in Vienna in 1931, the Balkan states were suddenly drained of American and English capital. Once more they looked around for the grace of patronage. It was in this condition that Hitler and Schacht found these countries, and started to "play grace" intensively. Certainly the conquest of the Balkan states themselves was not their decisive aim; the states were merely an important tool—a tool to guarantee their clearing system, to frighten France by putting pressure upon the Little Entente, to cover from the rear the conquest of Prague and the *Anschluss* with Vienna, to isolate the Ukraine, to become Mitteleuropa. For the German directors of propaganda it was not too difficult to disturb this point of least resistance. The Balkan states are composed of minorities, each of which opposes and weakens the other. German colonies—greenhouses for propaganda—exist everywhere, for it is a simple thing to make use of such a labyrinth of enmities, rivalries and pride.

Mr. Jones in his well documented book informs us of the history and the details of this German conquest; of the number of German banks and Nazi newspapers, either bought over or recently founded (eighty in Rumania alone); of the military and pseudo-military organizations; of fascist terror (functioning well, though the specific fascist economic situation does not exist in these countries). The story of Titulesco unseated by the Nazis seems to have been plotted by Machiavelli. But its inaugurator is Mr. Himmler, c/o Gestapo. GUENTHER ANDERS.

Mr. Wells Wiggles His Ears

Brynhild, or The Show of Things, by H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

KNOCK-KNOCK!"

"Who's there. . . ? Why, Mr. *Wells!* I hardly recognized you at first. Back from Mars, eh? Brought anything new with you?"

"Well, not what you'd expect—nothing utopian, that is. I'm not staying long, but I thought I'd just drop in with a little novel—very wittily written and exposing the bogus state of contemporary civilization. My chief character is one Rowland Palace, an author; he's not exactly a poseur, but he lives in an ivory tower and he's terribly sensitive. I expose him to a ludicrous situation—he is caught at a bazaar, dressed up as a Druid, by a candid-cameraman—and I describe his awful naked anguish as he reflects upon the impression the photograph will make in the newspapers. But I show him a way out: he engages a cunning publicity agent called Mr. Cloote, who builds him a beautiful new ivory tower to put across his readers."

"Contemptible cads! I hope they both come to a bad end."

"On the contrary. They win the Nobel Prize."

"Tut-tut, you cynic! Well, what else?"

"Well, there's another author, a Mr. Bunter. . . ."

"Ah-hah. And he's just the opposite of Mr. Palace, eh?"

"Exactly. A proletarian author. No sham, pure gold and all the rest of it. He meets Palace's wife, Brynhild, a delightful woman who sees through her husband completely and is languishing. I make her spokesman for my views on the emancipation of women, *i.e.,* I make her realize that women have no originality, no free will, no creative power and should repudiate politics and intellectual pursuits and pass the time answering the call of their 'natural juices.' "

"Hm. Living on Mars has made you quite a Nazi, Mr. Wells. And . . . does she respond?"

"Plenty. She has an affair with the genuine Mr. Bunter. They have. . . ."

"I know! Don't tell me! They have a genuine child. I see it all now. You mean this affair to stand as a symbol—the union of female natural juices and male genuine thinking. With the child the perfect offspring? The end of sham human beings?"

"Well, I thought of all that, but my knowledge of eugenics made it impossible. But until the last few pages I delude the reader into thinking that that's what I'm driving at."

"And then. . . ?"

"Then I just turn round laconically and wind up the book with Bunter, Brynhild, baby and all just as bogus as Mr. Palace and Mr. Cloote. You see, that's my theme. In this novel I show, amusingly, cleverly and with all the art of the practised novelist, that today no one can help being bogus, and that we shall all continue to be bogus for many generations, no matter how hard we try to be genuine."

"And you've come all the way from Mars to tell us that?"

"Well, it makes excellent reading, and anyway I felt I needed a vacation." RICHARD VAUGHAN.

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More Fiction

The Song of the World, by Jean Giono. Translated by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

GIONO'S world—situated in an Alpine valley—is pure, primitive, unspoiled, and so are his characters. Not all of his men are as broad-shouldered and great-hearted as his main character, Antonio, the forty-year-old fisherman who is also these primitive people's poet—but all of them are strong, generous, moved only by basic forces. They possess the necessary minimum of civilization to ensure Man's kingship over Nature, and as they know nature intimately, their work is joy. They have adventures, but the risks are gauged beforehand and consciously accepted; when they struggle and go under, they know exactly why. The women are on the same level but, of course, feminine: beautiful, passionate, endowed with unerring instincts.

The conflicts in which these characters are engaged—their "story"—are just as grandiose in their simplicity as the people themselves. An aged woodcutter, Sailor, accompanied by Antonio, sets out to search for his missing son. There is this son's struggle with the richest cattle-owner of the Rebeillard country, Maudru, whose only daughter he had carried away and whose only nephew he had killed. There is a blind woman whom Antonio discovers as she is giving birth to a child in the fields, and whom he chooses as wife. There is Sailor's death caused by Maudru's men, and the son's vengeance, the burning of Maudru's farm. There is, finally, the epic return of the young men and their wives on a raft—in this paradise the rules of the game are such that the young and the strong always beat the old and the rich and win the prize.

Giono, in spite of his sometimes overdone solemnity, should not be confused with novelists who exalt the unconscious at the expense of human values. Self-possession and awareness are essential elements in his world. He goes back to the "primitive" not to forget himself, but to enjoy freedom; and his love for nature is genuine, although he does not realize that a tremendous social effort has been necessary to transform nature into something that can be loved, and that the freshness of his love would have been impossible without the habits of civilized life—the secret contradiction of his dream. The descriptions of the rivers and the forests, the fields and the animals, the seasons and the skies with which "The Song of the World" is teeming are truly admirable. Giono's bold metaphors, which liken the forces of nature to familiar, easily handled objects, express a well balanced, serene intimacy between man and his natural environment. Thus, there are winds that "rattle like cartloads of planks"; "lyre-horned" bulls; stars "as large as cat's eyes," or "no bigger than peas"; skies that "laugh with a silken laugh"; dew that "glistens like tin"; and rains that hang from the wind like "hairs from the belly of a he-goat."

Some critics have proclaimed Giono a "giant of literature," forgetting that truly great fiction combines both the representative and the imaginative. In Giono not only is the social world not represented; it simply isn't there; its mere presence would trouble his serenity. Still, his appeal is understandable: it is due to his sense of nature, and also to the fact that his characters are more at home in their imaginary world than we are in our real one.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

One Life, One Kopeck, by Walter Duranty. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

WHEN A MAN who has spent a good part of his life in the thick of active doings sits down to write his first novel, one danger is that he is likely to try to get too much into it. That, briefly, is the principal fault of this book. Walter Duranty knew Tsarist Russia, the Russia of the revolution and of the Soviets, and he wrote day-to-day newspaper dispatches through most of that time, covering events as they occurred. Now, boiling down the experiences of the revolutionary period to fit a novel, he has tried to include too much, so that the tale grows a little jumpy from too much scurrying around, and its main figure, called simply Ivan Petrovitch, becomes a kind of hurried "Everyman" of Russia in revolt—without having, however, quite the detachment and symbolic significance such a character would require.

Nevertheless, the story itself is vivid and exciting, and the whole book is clearly an honest and sympathetic attempt to convey fictionally the spirit and struggle of the Russian revolutionary movement. Ivan, the son of a serf, gets his first taste of Tsarist injustice when, after aiding his young master in a brawl, he is arrested and sent to Siberia, while his master is freed apologetically by the police. In Siberia, Ivan encounters the works of Karl Marx and meets a mysterious stranger named Druzak (or "friend"), who further fosters his awakening social consciousness, initiating him into the revolutionary movement and aiding him to escape from exile.

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His escape is managed by exchanging papers with a peasant who has just been called for war service, and Ivan arrives at the front in time to see the pitiful plight of the ill armed Russian army, being mowed down by the well equipped Germans. He escapes from that, again just in time to participate in the forming of early Bolshevist cells among Moscow factory workers; sees the February revolt; is sent back to the army again and shares in the soldiers' uprisings; is shuttled west and east to fight the counter-revolutionaries. The trouble is that there is too much of it, and since the novel is cast in a realistic pattern, the reader's sense of credibility is affronted frequently by the straining of coincidence and fortuitous circumstance required to engineer the hero's movement across so vast a panorama.

ROBERT M. COATES.

There Ain't No Justice, by James Curtis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Foolish Giant, by Robert Westerby. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

BOTH OF these are novels about prize-fighting, the kind of business it is and what it means to get slugged for a living. One book puffs through a tedious action story (rags to riches and what's the use, after all?) while the other connects on the first page and keeps hitting all the way.

"There Ain't No Justice" is the one you feel, rather than read. It is more than a fight novel. It is a study of low life in West London, superbly written in a racy, cockney idiom that reads better than our own slang. Tommy Mutch, a young tough headed for big things in the ring, is the central figure. He lives in the slums, does his roadwork in the streets, has his drinks, fights in and out of the ring, and carries on with the fight boys' handmaiden, Dot. The big thing, though, is his attitude—careless, violent, comical, almost pitiful, it holds the germs of a great implied tragedy. Tommy fights in the local halls, tries to make good, but finally plays the fight racket as his manager wants. Pinned against this are some vivid home scenes, the story of his sister, Elsie, who gets into trouble, and various glimpses of primitive life in a large city. Be warned that it kicks at sensibilities. But Tommy Mutch is worth it.

"Foolish Giant" is an action story along popular lines. Van Logan and his brother, Jon, go away after their father has been murdered for radical activity. Van drifts into boxing and forthwith finds himself going places. Jon turns to music and plans to write an operetta. Success awaits Van, but Jon gets mixed up and comes to a bad end. The last scene is in Van's dressing-room after a big victory. He sits there feeling alone and confused. There is really nothing new or interesting in the book. It reaches its peak in the freight-car scene where Van stands off a great, impressive Negro who tried to lord it over the others. Aside from that scene, "Foolish Giant" is second-rate and not worth the trouble.

ARTHUR NESBITT.

At Last the Island, by Margaret Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The writer of "Faith, Hope, No Charity" again demonstrates what a fine reporter can do about characterization and fluid detail, this time with an author who wants to get away from it all on an island. He does get away—after several narrow escapes from creditors—more to his own delight than that of the dependents and friends who have to go with him.

B. E. B.

Contributors

VICTOR YAKHONTOFF was formerly military attaché at the Russian Imperial Embassy at Tokyo. He was one of the translators and the editor of the Japanese history of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 and later edited a weekly dealing with Far Eastern affairs. His books in English include "Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East," "The Chinese Soviets" and "Eyes on Japan."

EDMUND WILSON'S article in this issue will be included in a volume of essays to be published early next year by Harcourt, Brace.

WILLIAM T. ROSE has for the past three years been a reporter on The Brooklyn Citizen.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. was recently graduated from Harvard University and is now engaged in journalistic work.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON is the author of three books of verse, "O City, Cities!" "Wherefore: Peace" and "A Sheaf."

LEWIS MUMFORD has just finished the manuscript of "The Culture of Cities," which will be published early in 1938 by Harcourt, Brace.

KENNETH BURKE'S most recent book, "Attitudes Toward History," has been published as one of The New Republic Dollar Series.

HERMAN SIMPSON was formerly an editor of the Socialist daily, The New York Call, and has been for many years a student of Marxist theory.

GUENTHER ANDERS, Ph.D., exiled German writer and former correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung, has published philosophical books in German and French and in 1935 received from Heinrich Mann the prize for the best novel dealing with anti-fascist emigrés from Germany.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, who writes for magazines in the United States and in France, recently returned to New York City after spending the summer on Nantucket Island.

ROBERT M. COATES is the author of "Yesterday's Burdens" and "The Outlaw Years." He is now on the staff of Time.

ARTHUR NESBITT works in New York City and does some writing in his spare time.

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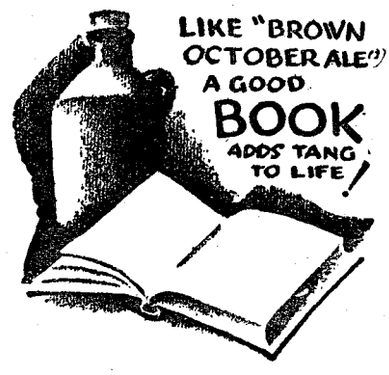

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